

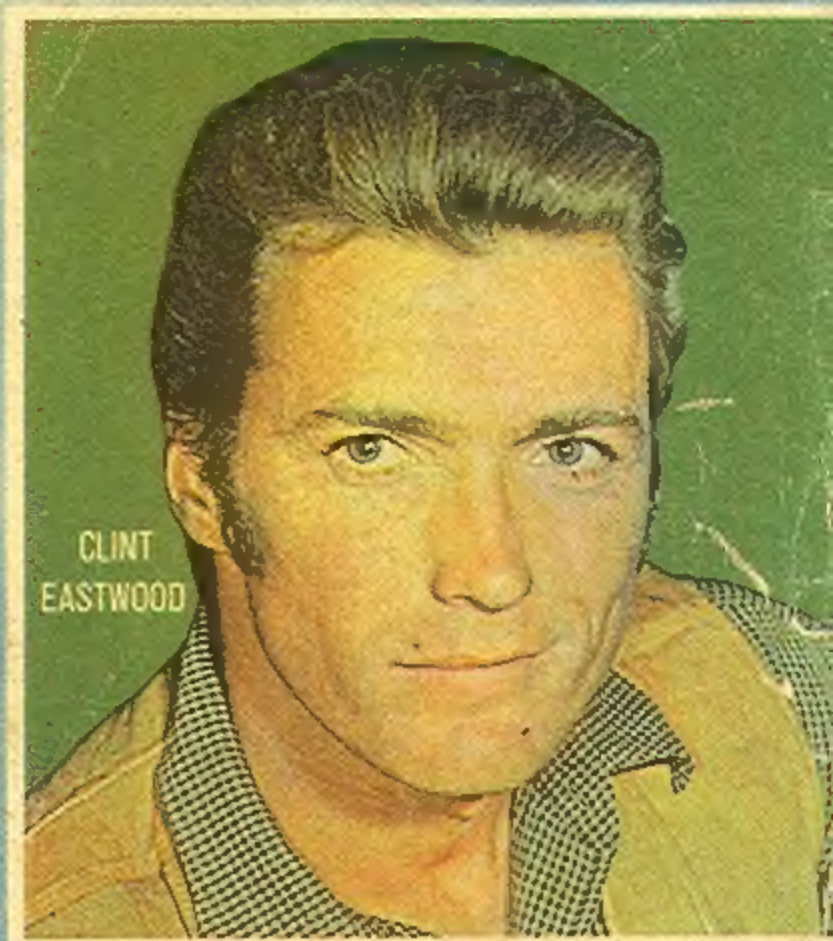
**DELL**

Exciting  
Adventure

APRIL

NO. 1160

# RAWHIDE



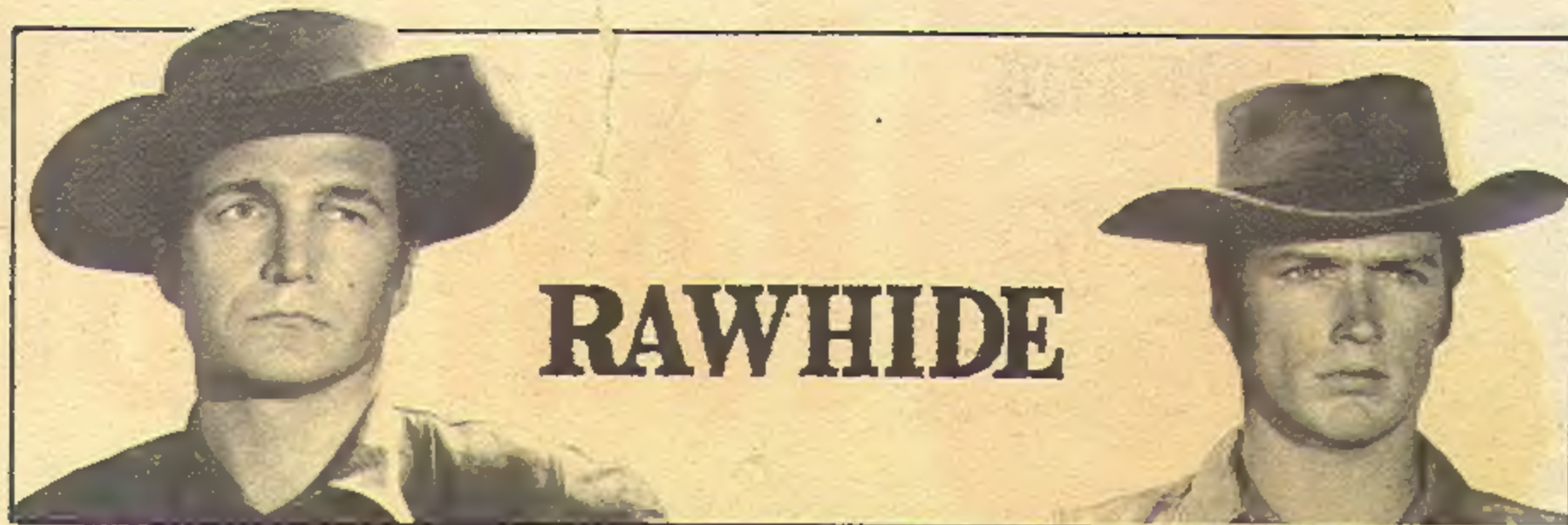
CLINT  
EASTWOOD

A treacherous  
ambush waits for  
Gil Favor's herd  
when he attempts  
to cross  
Apache land!

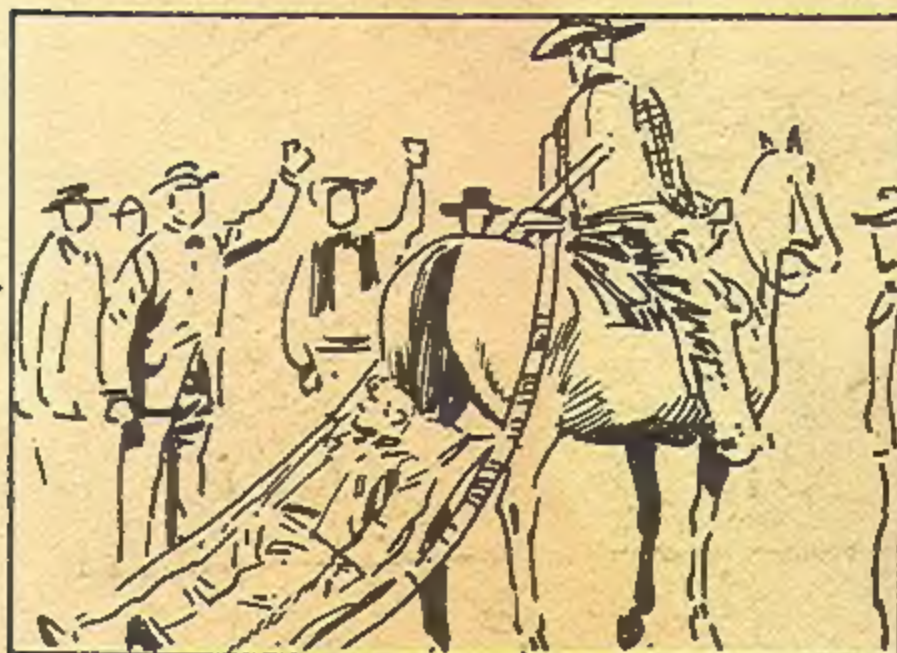
ERIC FLEMING

© 1960, COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.





## SEÑOR SAWBONES



Rowdy Yates stands against a town to get help to save a herder's life. It makes no difference to him how they feel about the new doctor who has come to their town.



And when Gil Favor brings word that sure death is on its way, the local citizens discover in a hurry that outsiders can become insiders to help unite a community.

## APACHE AMBUSH



Needing water badly, Gil Favor bargains with Chief Taweh and gets permission to drive his herd across Apache lands.



But a sudden ambush stampedes the herd and forces Gil to a showdown with the Apache brave who broke the chief's word.



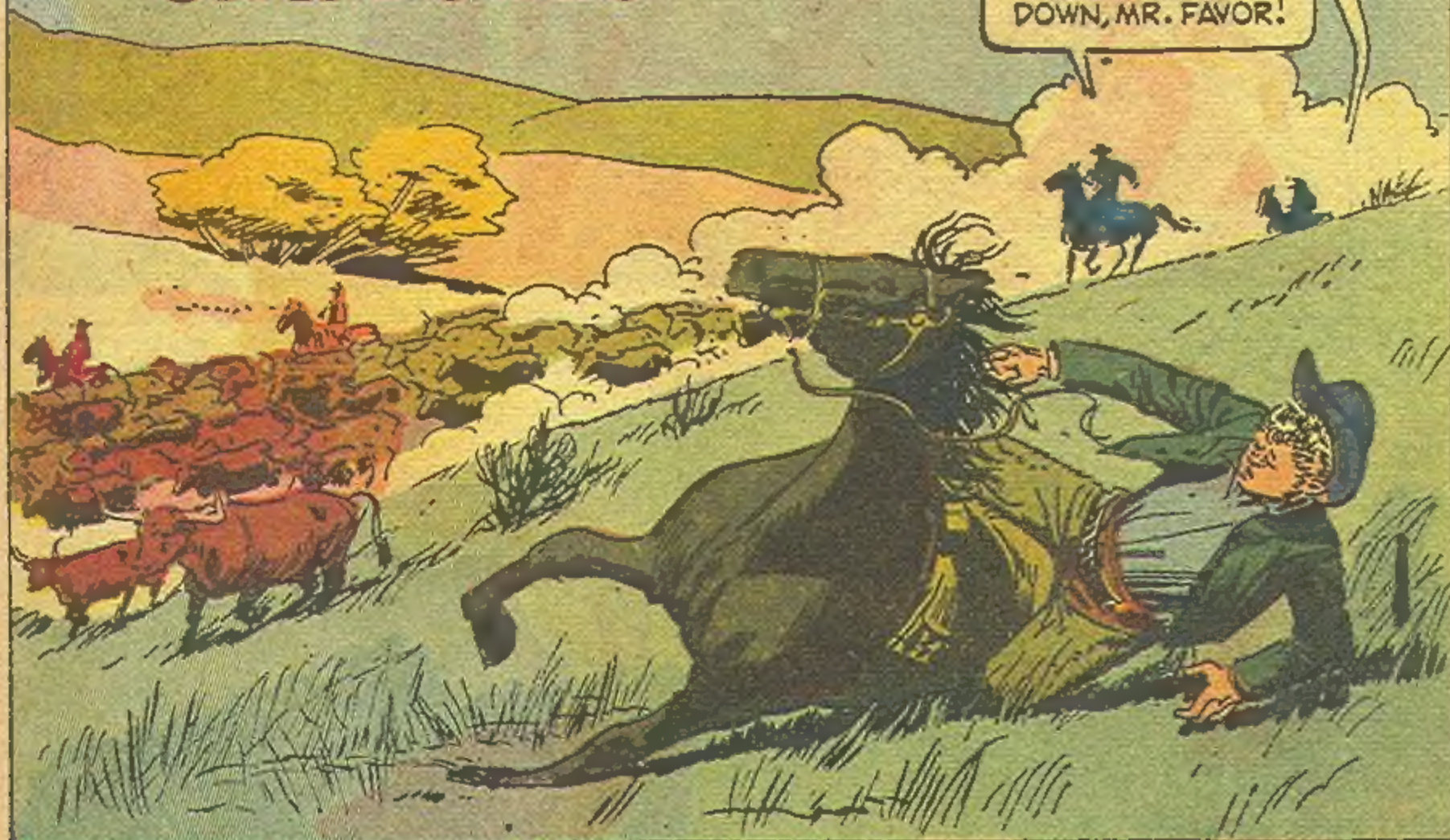
# RAWHIDE

## SEÑOR SAWBONES

MOVING A VAST TRAIL HERD TO MARKET IS NEVER AN EASY JOB. IT IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS AND ACCIDENTS ALSO TAKE PLACE, SLOWING DOWN THE DRIVE . . .

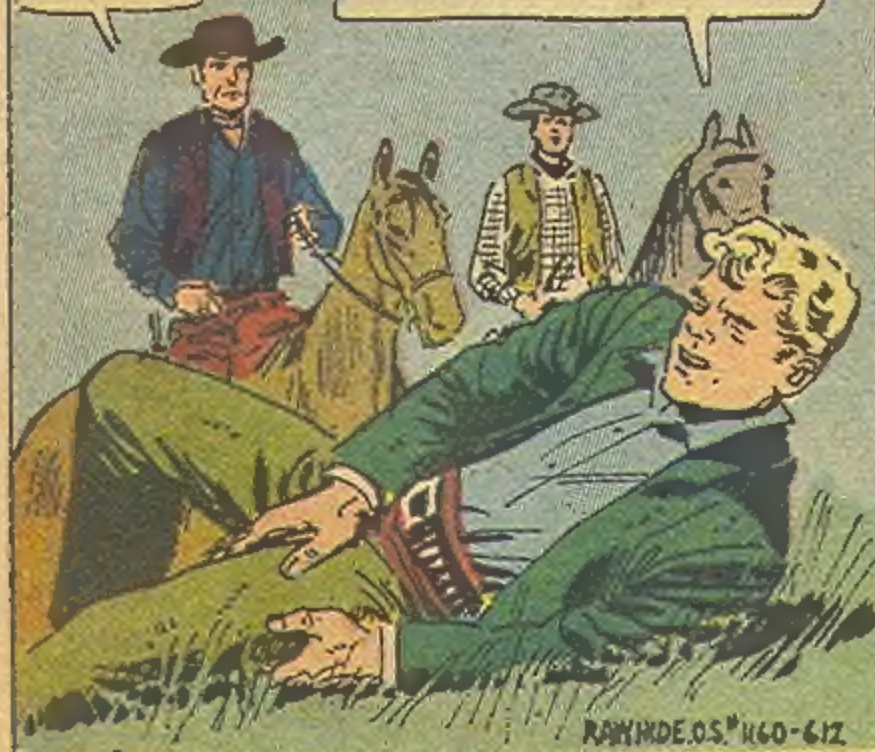
OOOOOOH!

JOE HANSON'S  
DOWN, MR. FAVOR!



WHAT  
HAPPENED,  
JOE?

WE HIT A CHUCK HOLE,  
MR. FAVOR! MY LEG'S  
BROKE FOR SURE!



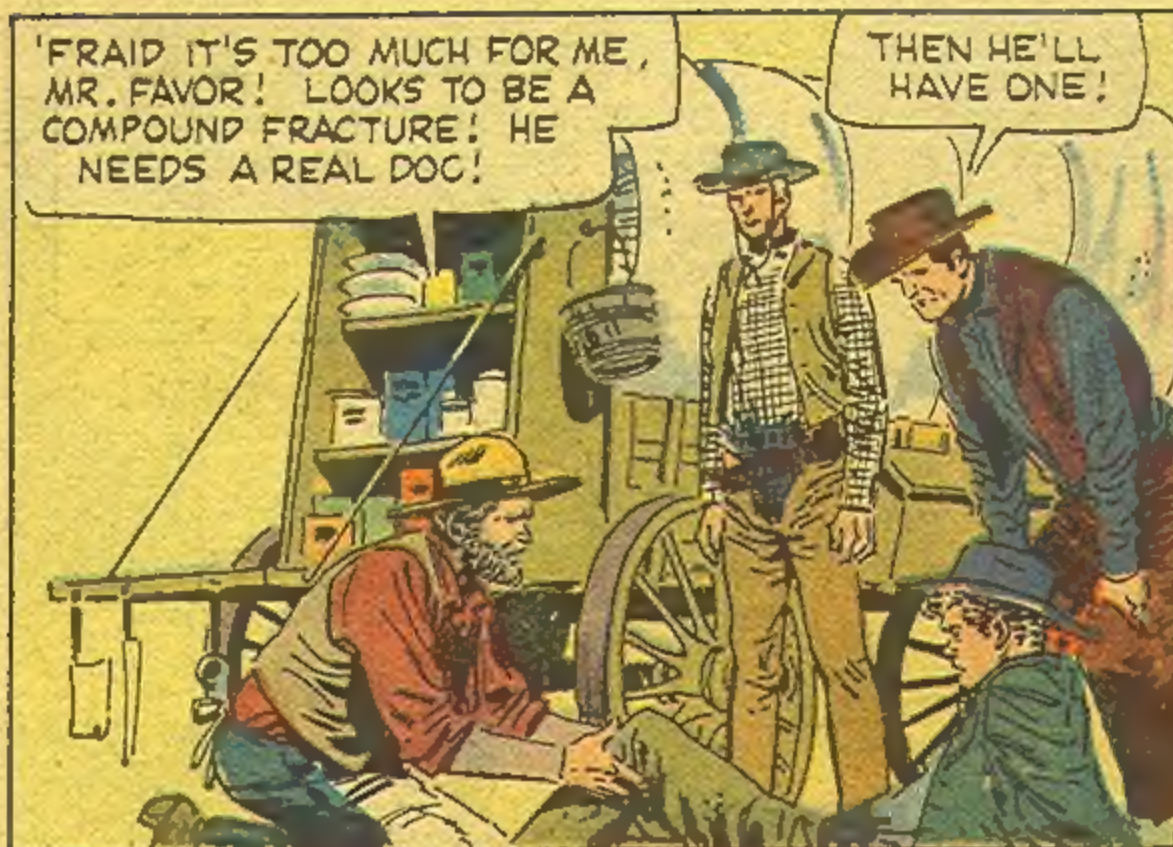
RAWHIDE OS #60-612

IT SURE IS! ROWDY,  
GET WISHBONE  
HERE FAST!

YESSIR!

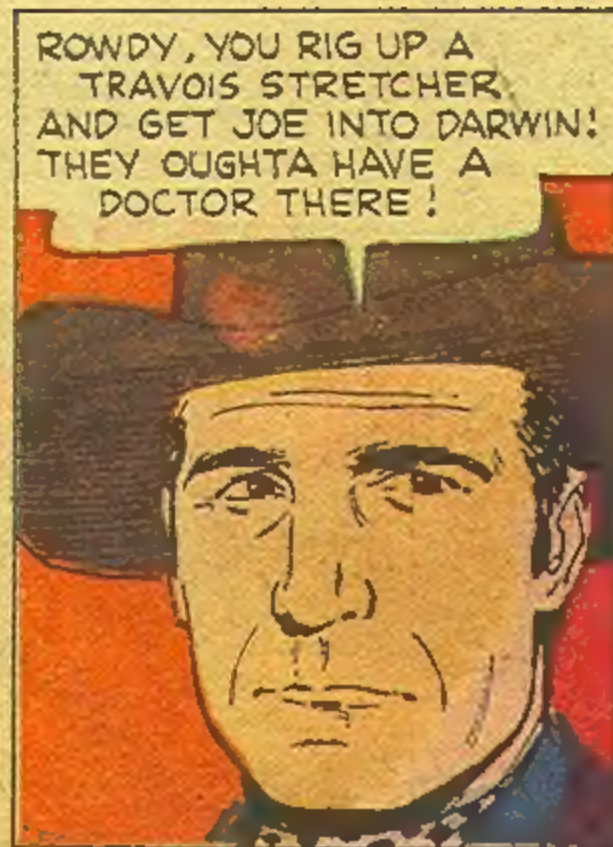




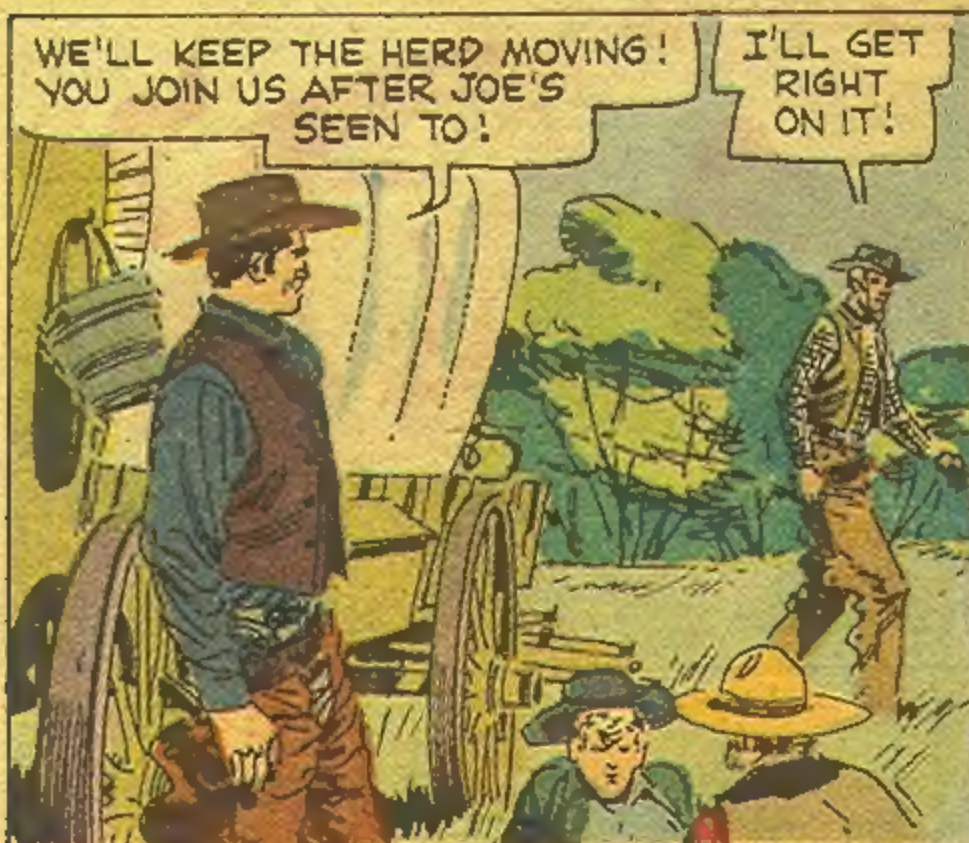


'FRAID IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME, MR. FAVOR! LOOKS TO BE A COMPOUND FRACTURE! HE NEEDS A REAL DOC!

THEN HE'LL HAVE ONE!

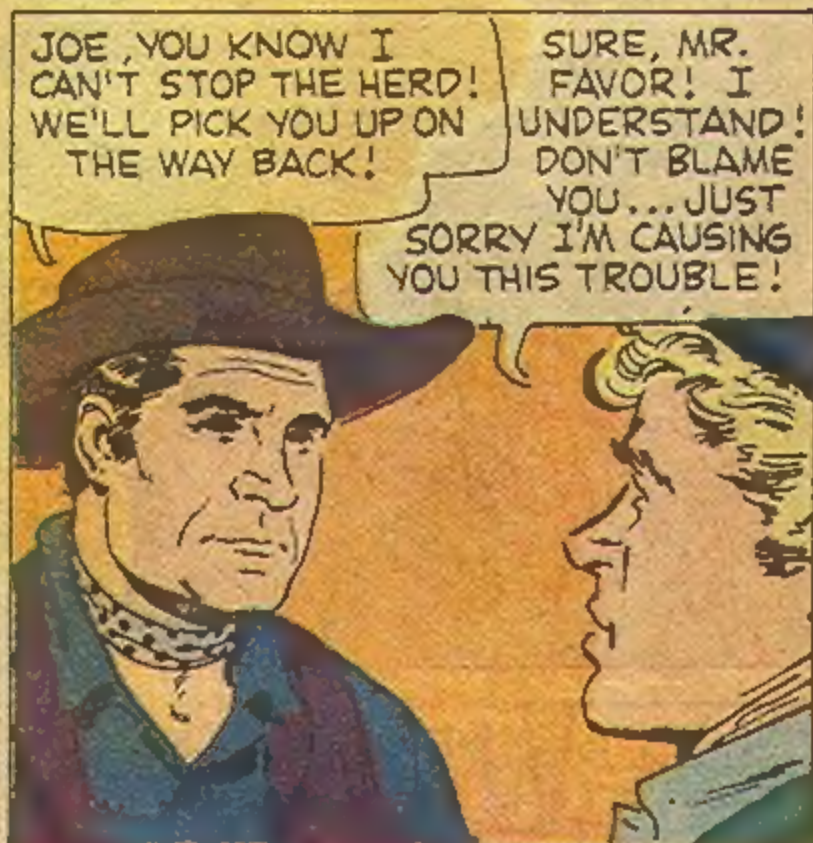


ROWDY, YOU RIG UP A TRAVOIS STRETCHER AND GET JOE INTO DARWIN! THEY OUGHTA HAVE A DOCTOR THERE!



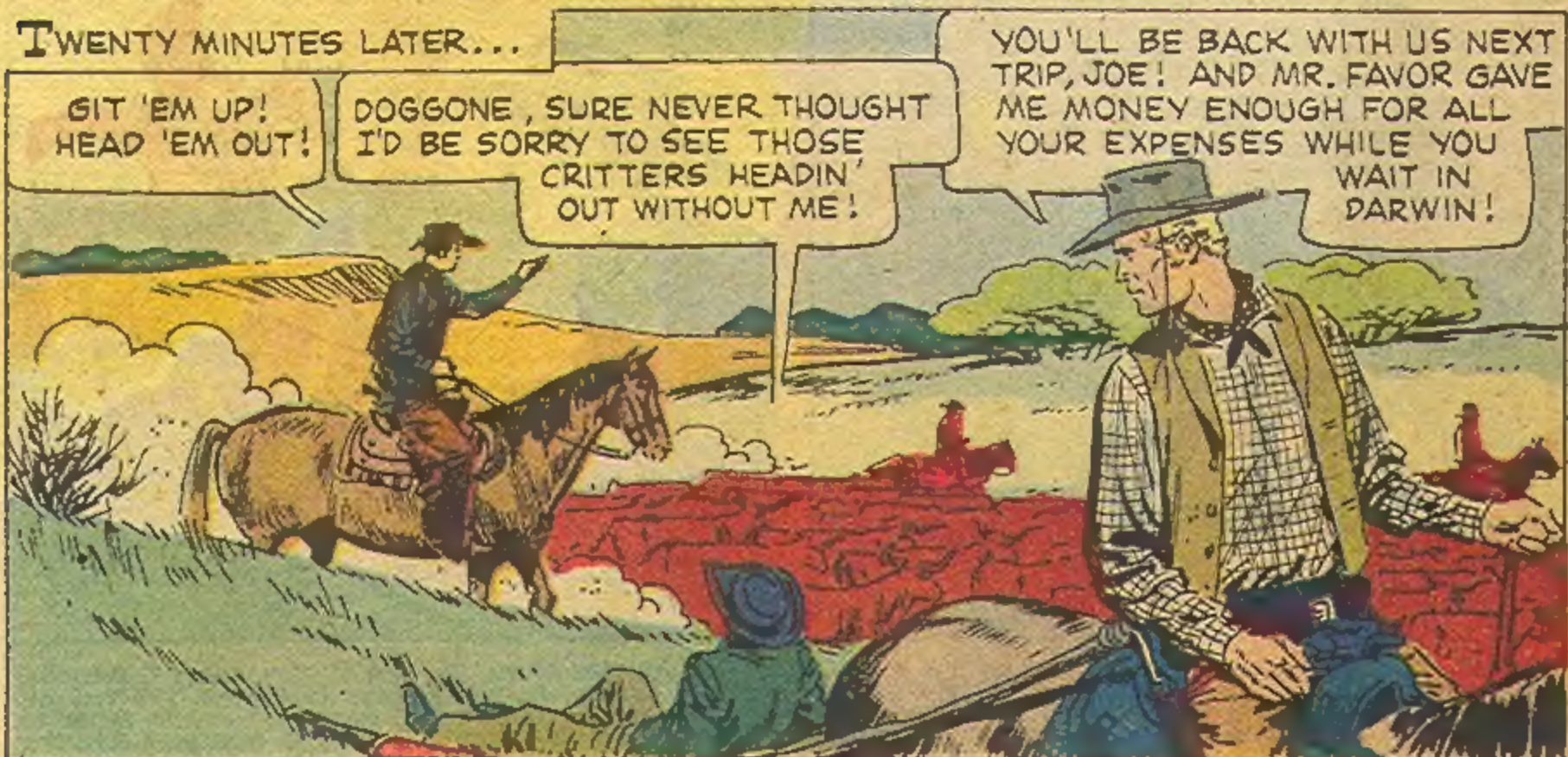
WE'LL KEEP THE HERD MOVING! YOU JOIN US AFTER JOE'S SEEN TO!

I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT!



JOE, YOU KNOW I CAN'T STOP THE HERD! WE'LL PICK YOU UP ON THE WAY BACK!

SURE, MR. FAVOR! I UNDERSTAND! DON'T BLAME YOU... JUST SORRY I'M CAUSING YOU THIS TROUBLE!



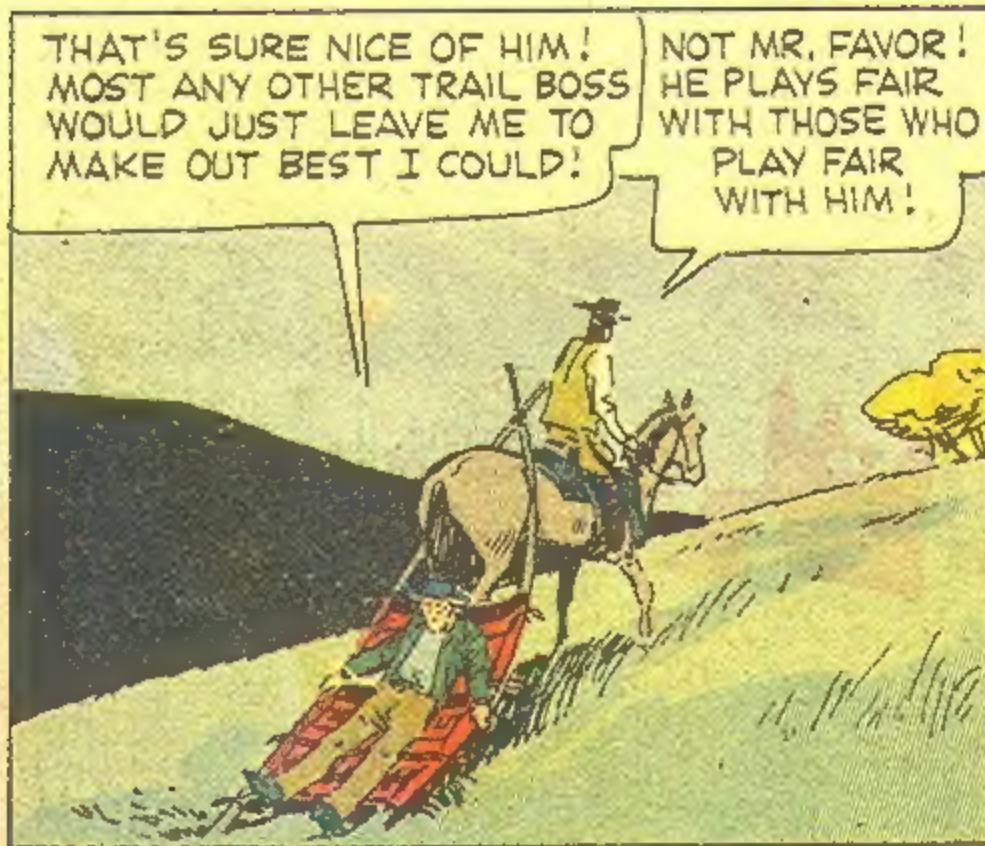
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

GIT 'EM UP! HEAD 'EM OUT!

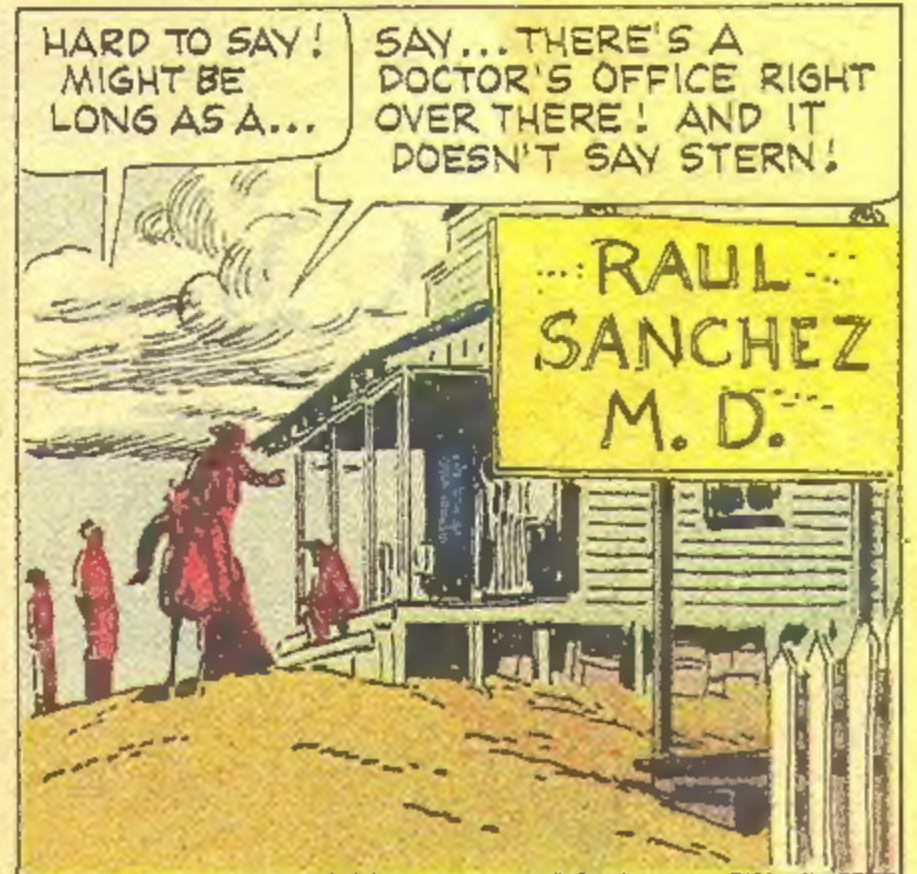
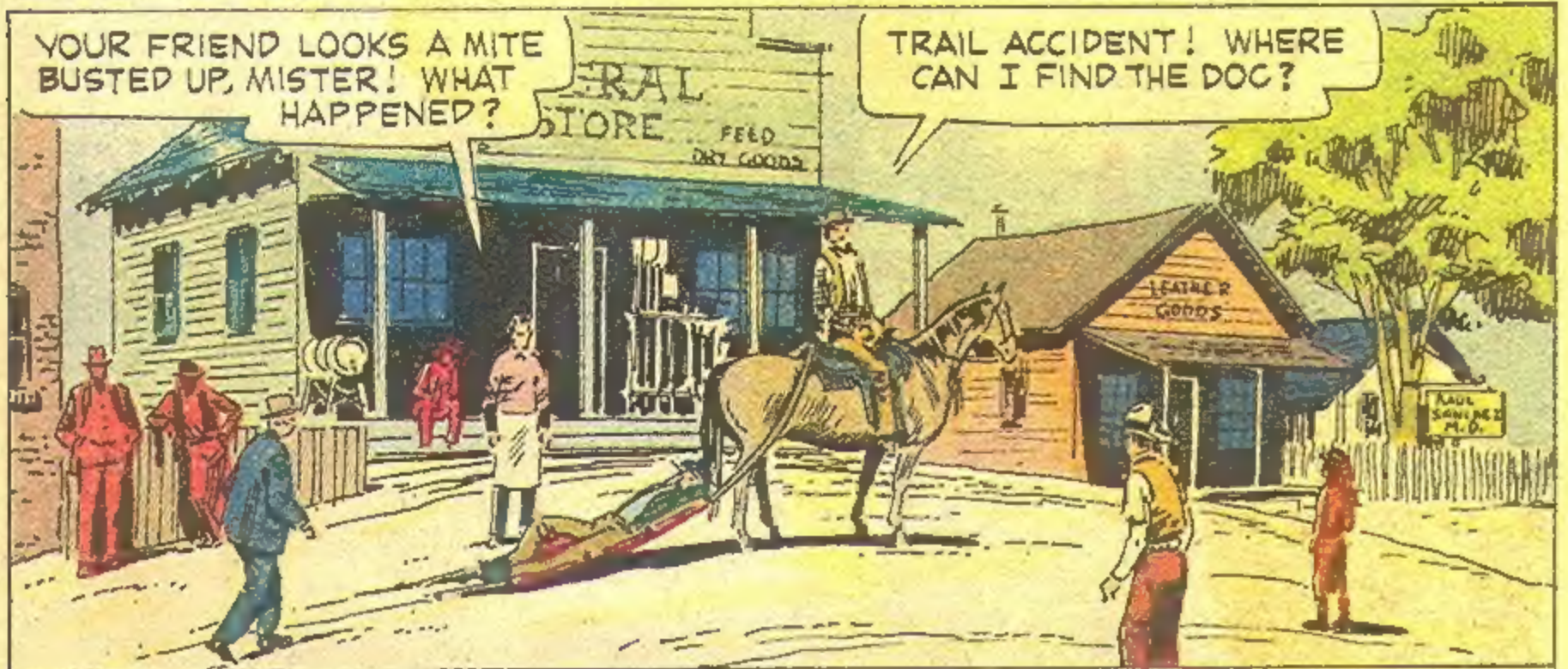
DOGGONE, SURE NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SORRY TO SEE THOSE CRITTERS HEADIN' OUT WITHOUT ME!

YOU'LL BE BACK WITH US NEXT TRIP, JOE! AND MR. FAVOR GAVE ME MONEY ENOUGH FOR ALL YOUR EXPENSES WHILE YOU WAIT IN DARWIN!





SOMETIME LATER, ROWDY ARRIVES IN THE TOWN OF DARWIN WITH HIS PATIENT...



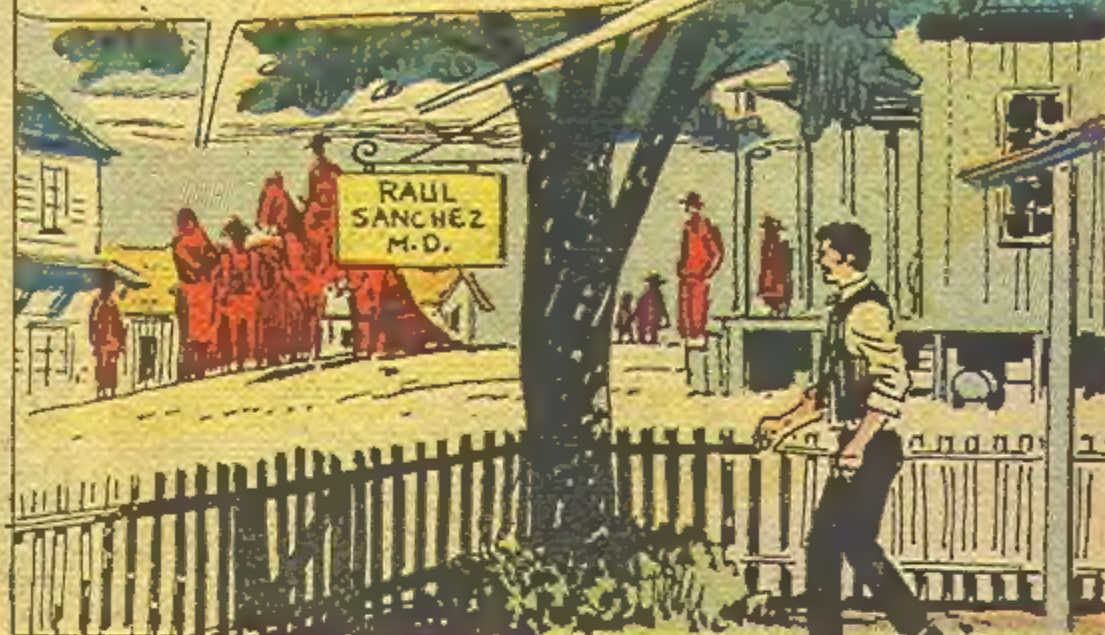


YOU MEAN SEÑOR SAWBONES!  
RECKON HE'S NOT MUCH GOOD  
HELPIN' FOLKS, COWBOY! NOW,  
IF IT WAS YOUR HORSE THAT  
WAS AILIN', THAT'D BE  
DIFFERENT!

BUT THE SIGN  
SAYS M.D...?

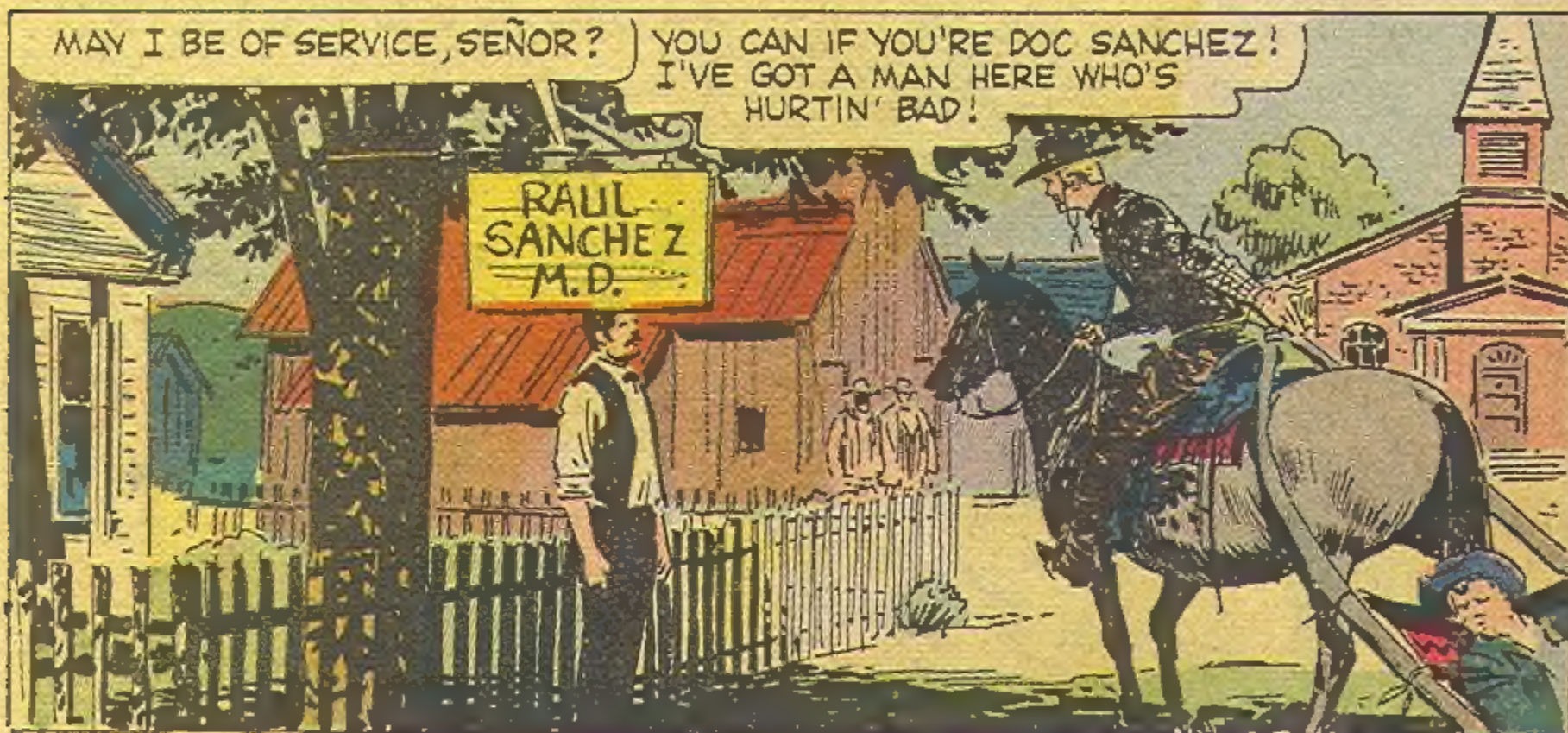
RECKON IT DOES...BUT YOU  
CAN'T BELIEVE ALL YOU READ,  
NOW CAN YOU? IF I WAS YOU,  
I'D WAIT FOR DOC STERN!

BUT YOU'RE  
*NOT* ME,  
MISTER!



MAY I BE OF SERVICE, SEÑOR?

YOU CAN IF YOU'RE DOC SANCHEZ!  
I'VE GOT A MAN HERE WHO'S  
HURTIN' BAD!



LET'S GET HIM  
INSIDE! I'LL DO  
WHAT I CAN!

THANKS, DOC! SURE DO  
APPRECIATE IT! MY LEG  
FEELS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TO  
FALL OFF!

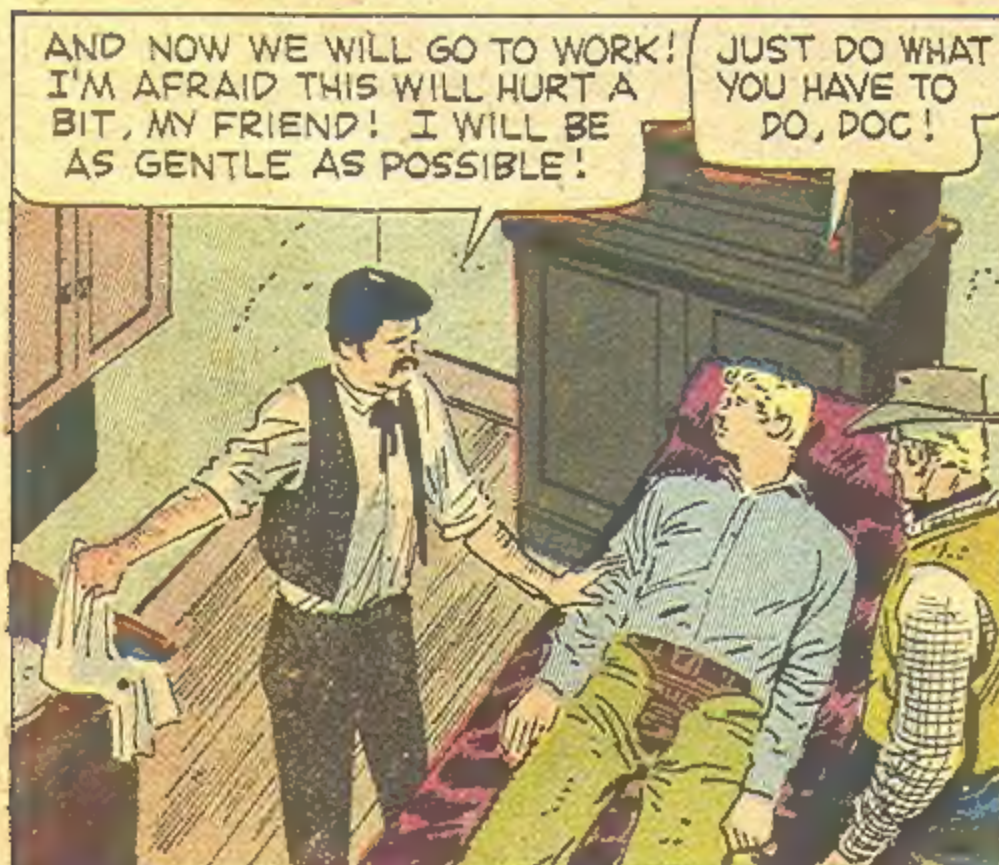
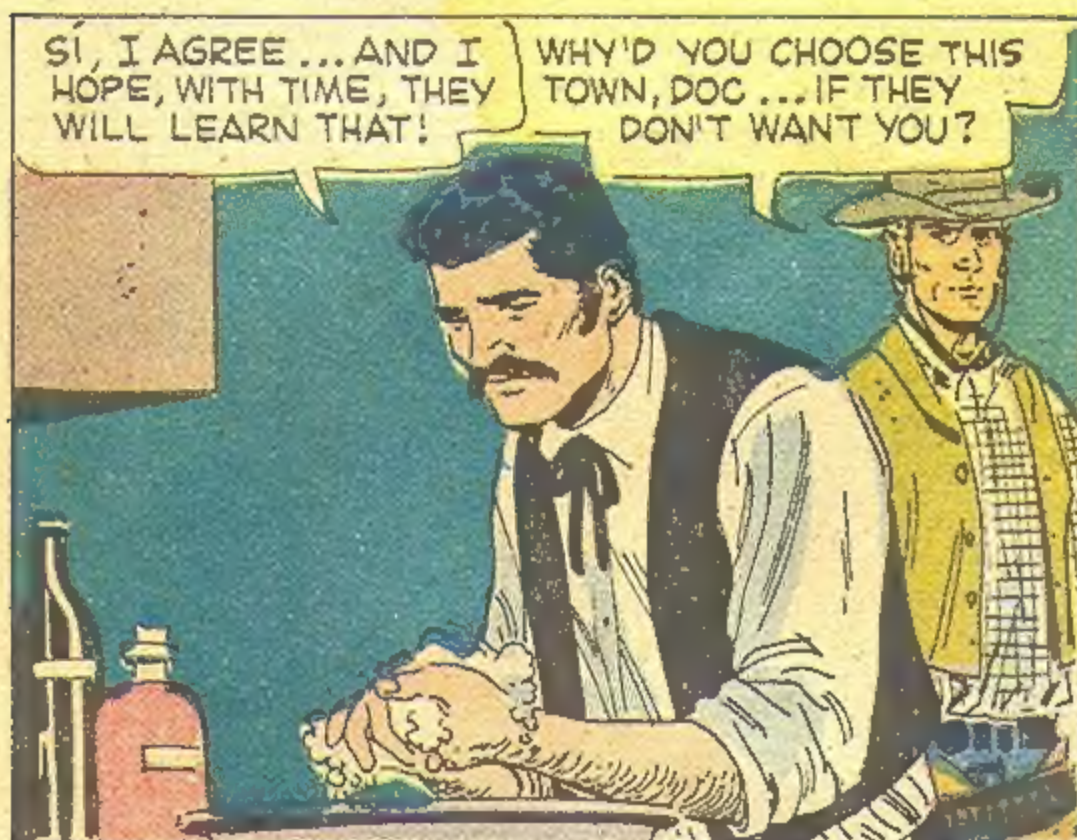
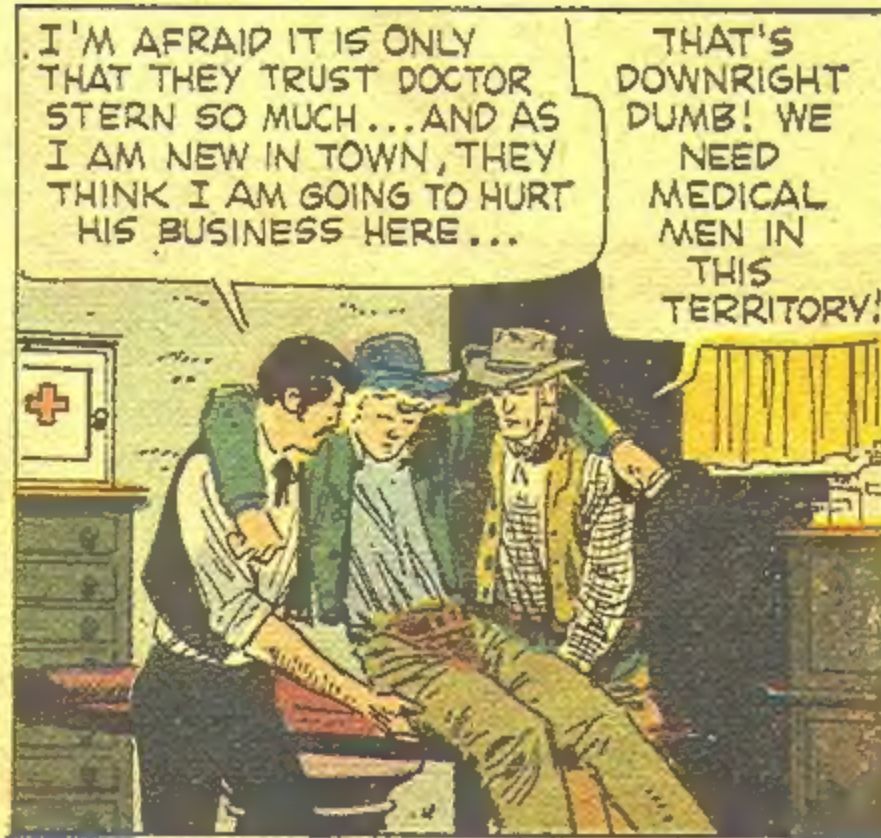


YOU'LL WISH IT HAD AFTER SEÑOR  
SAWBONES IS THROUGH WITH YOU!

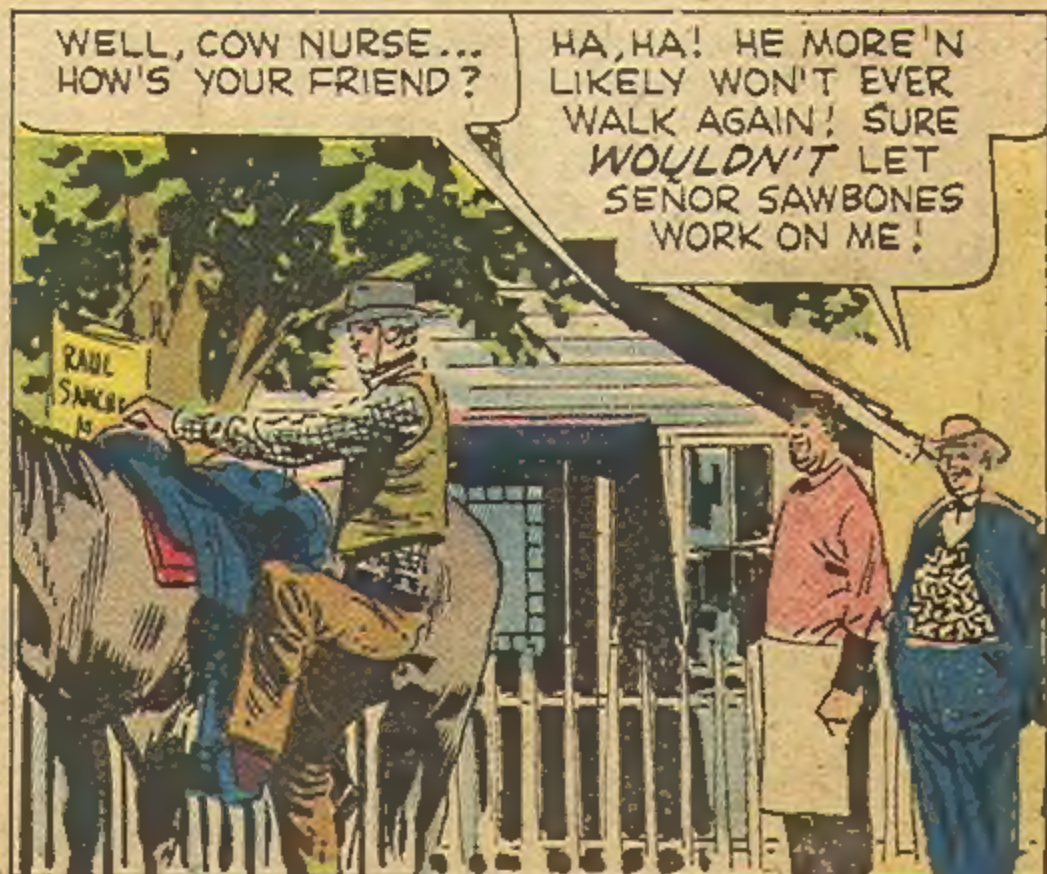
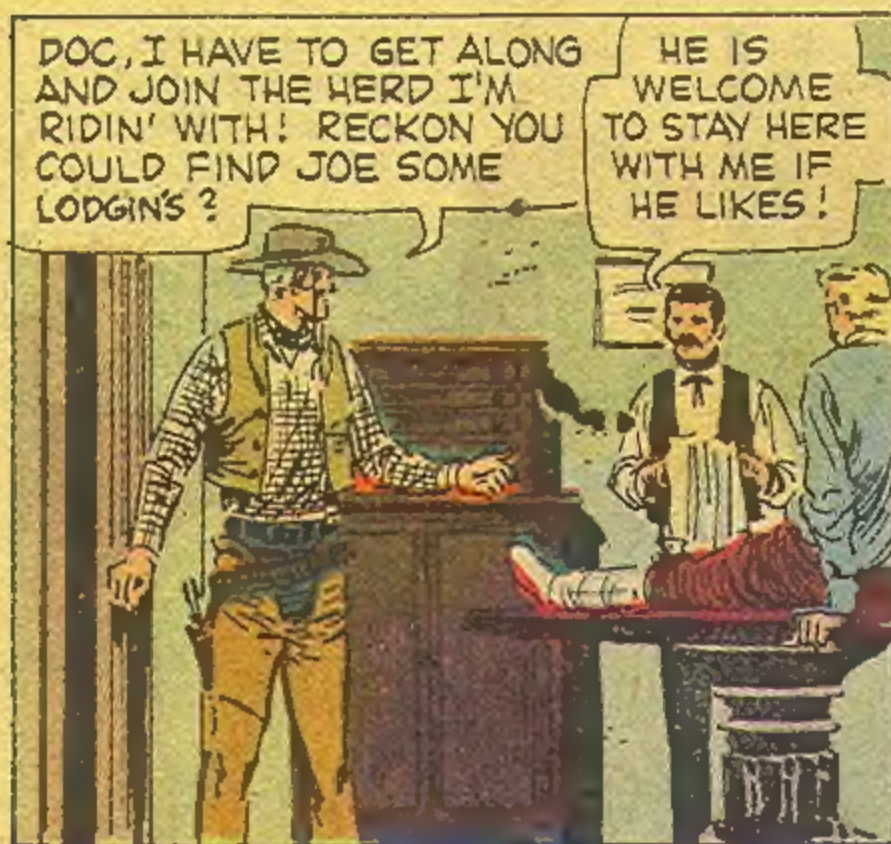
THAT'S THE ETERNAL  
TRUTH, RIGHT  
ENOUGH!









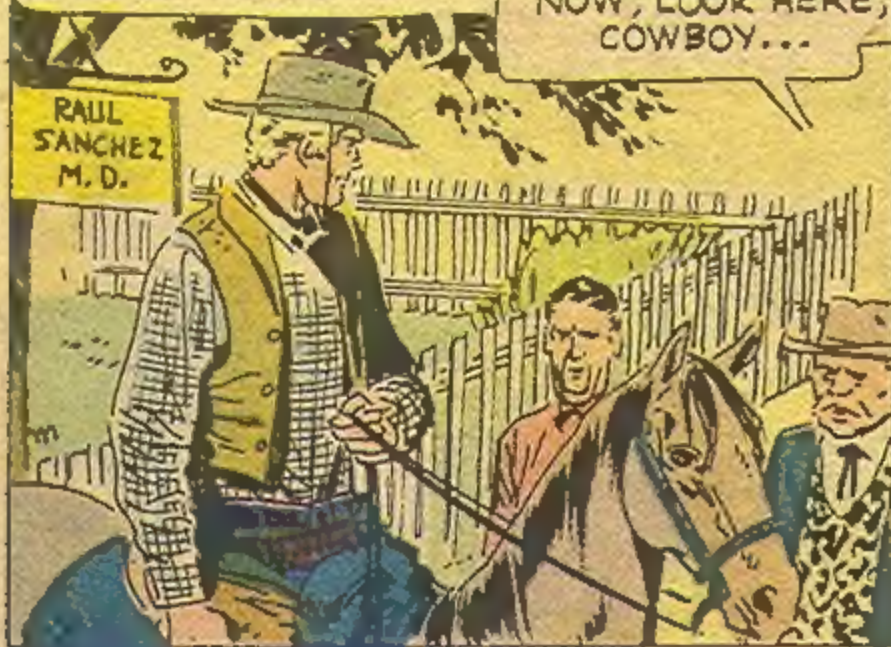




GENTS... I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO STAY AND TELL YOU ABOUT HOW STUPID YOU ARE! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND THAT OUT FOR YOURSELVES!

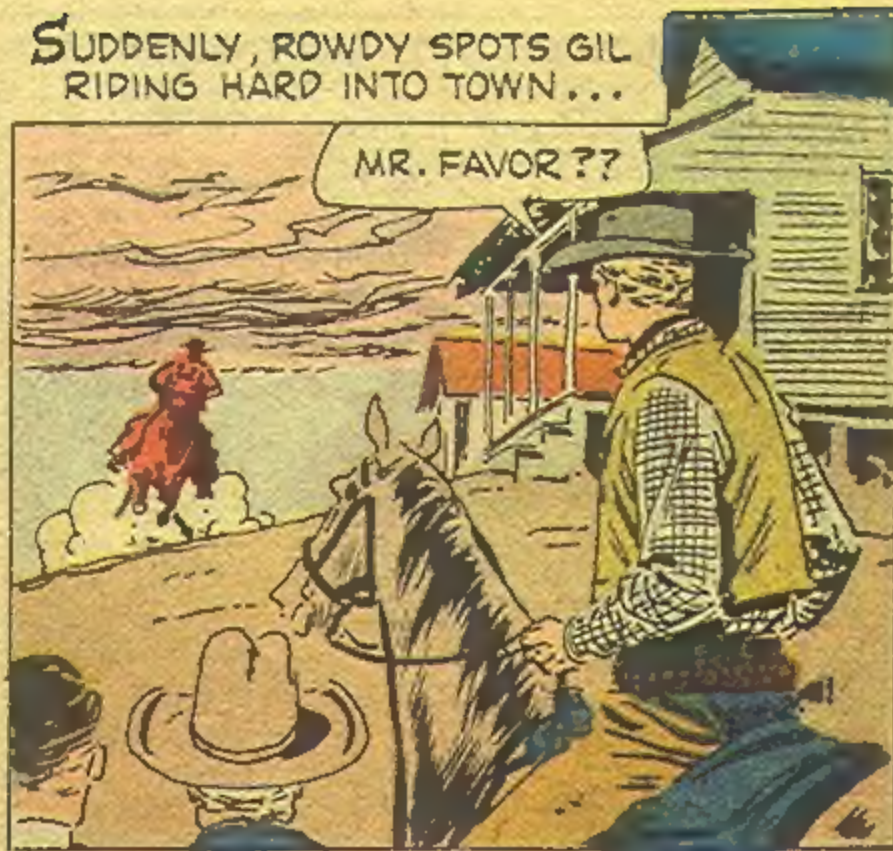
NOW, LOOK HERE, COWBOY...

RAUL SANCHEZ M.D.



SUDDENLY, ROWDY SPOTS GIL RIDING HARD INTO TOWN...

MR. FAVOR??

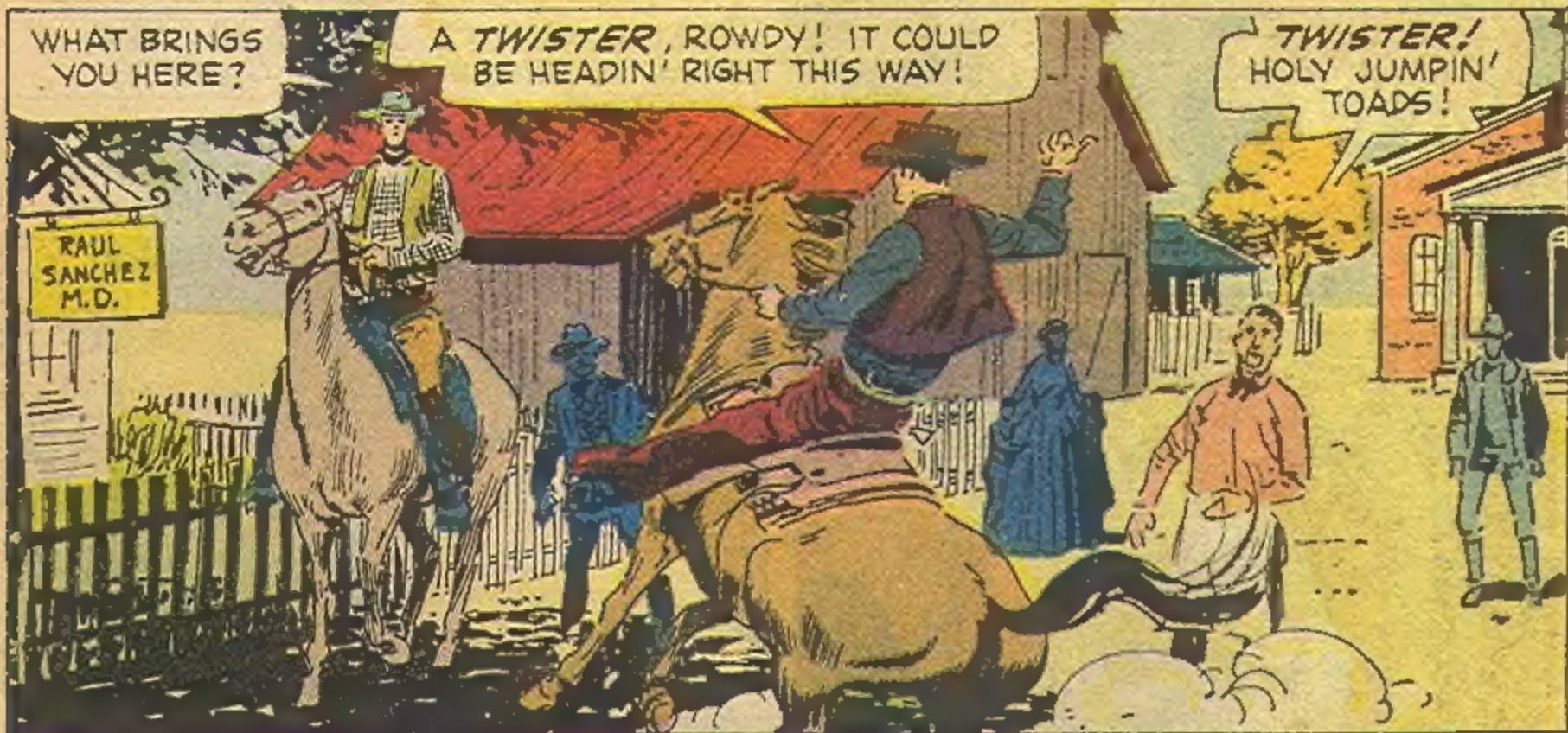


WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

A *TWISTER*, ROWDY! IT COULD BE HEADIN' RIGHT THIS WAY!

*TWISTER!* HOLY JUMPIN' TOADS!

RAUL SANCHEZ M.D.



YOU FOLKS PASS THE WORD! GET EVERYONE INSIDE SHELTERS! LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE A BAD ONE! AND *HURRY!*

DON'T NEED TO TELL US THAT, COWBOY! WE'VE SEEN WHAT A *TWISTER* DOES TO A TOWN!



I'LL GET MY FAMILY TO SHELTER!

EVERYBODY INTO THEIR CELLARS!





I HAVE A STORM  
CELLAR, SEÑORES!  
YOU ARE WELCOME  
TO SHARE IT!

THANKS, DOC! YOU GET  
JOE DOWN THERE! WE'LL  
WARN THE FOLKS WE  
CAN, THEN GET BACK  
AND JOIN YOU!

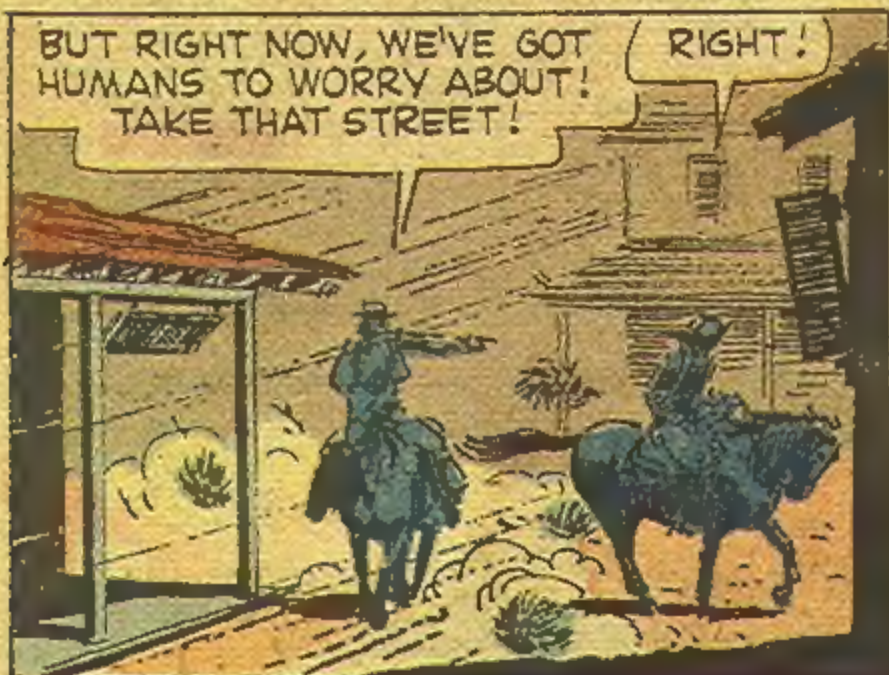
YOU GET THE  
HERD OUT OF  
DANGER,  
MR. FAVOR?

I HOPE SO! PETE  
NOLAN AND WISHBONE  
HAVE THEM HEADED  
FOR A ROCK CANYON!



BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT  
HUMANS TO WORRY ABOUT!  
TAKE THAT STREET!

RIGHT!

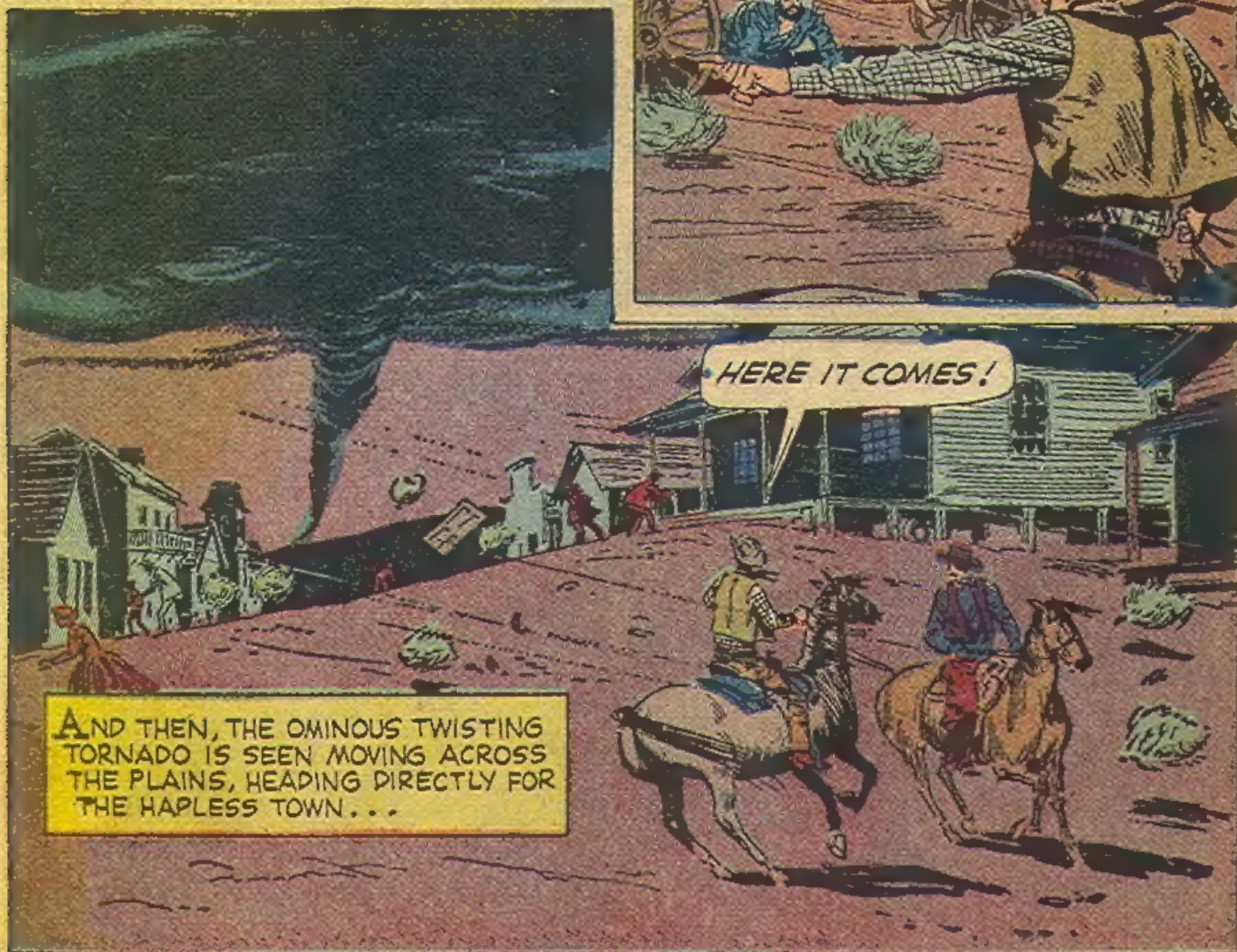


FOR THE NEXT FEW HECTIC MINUTES,  
GIL AND ROWDY WARN THE CITIZENS  
OF DARWIN...

MISTER, YOU BETTER  
FIND A BETTER SHELTER THAN  
THAT, OR YOU'LL GO FLYIN' WHEN  
THAT TWISTER  
HITS!



HERE IT COMES!



AND THEN, THE OMINOUS TWISTING  
TORNADO IS SEEN MOVING ACROSS  
THE PLAINS, HEADING DIRECTLY FOR  
THE HAPLESS TOWN...



WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN, MR. FAVOR. WE'D BEST GET UNDER COVER OURSELVES.

SOMETIMES YOU MAKE GOOD SENSE, RONDY.

HURRY, MUCHACHOS. HURRY!

OOOH. I'M SCARED.

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, GIL FAVOR SLAMS THE STORY SHELTER DOOR SHUT..



EASY, LITTLE ONES. NOTHING WILL HURT YOU! WE ARE SAFE HERE.

JUST SECONDS LATER, THE TORNADO ONE OF NATURE'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCES, HITS DARWIN WITH ALL ITS FURY...

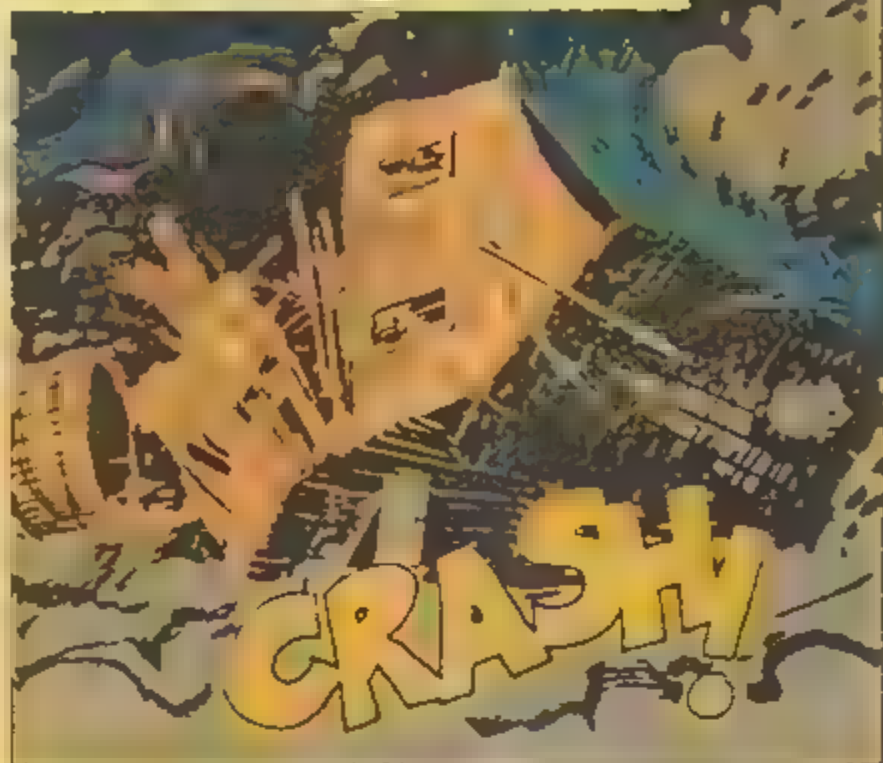




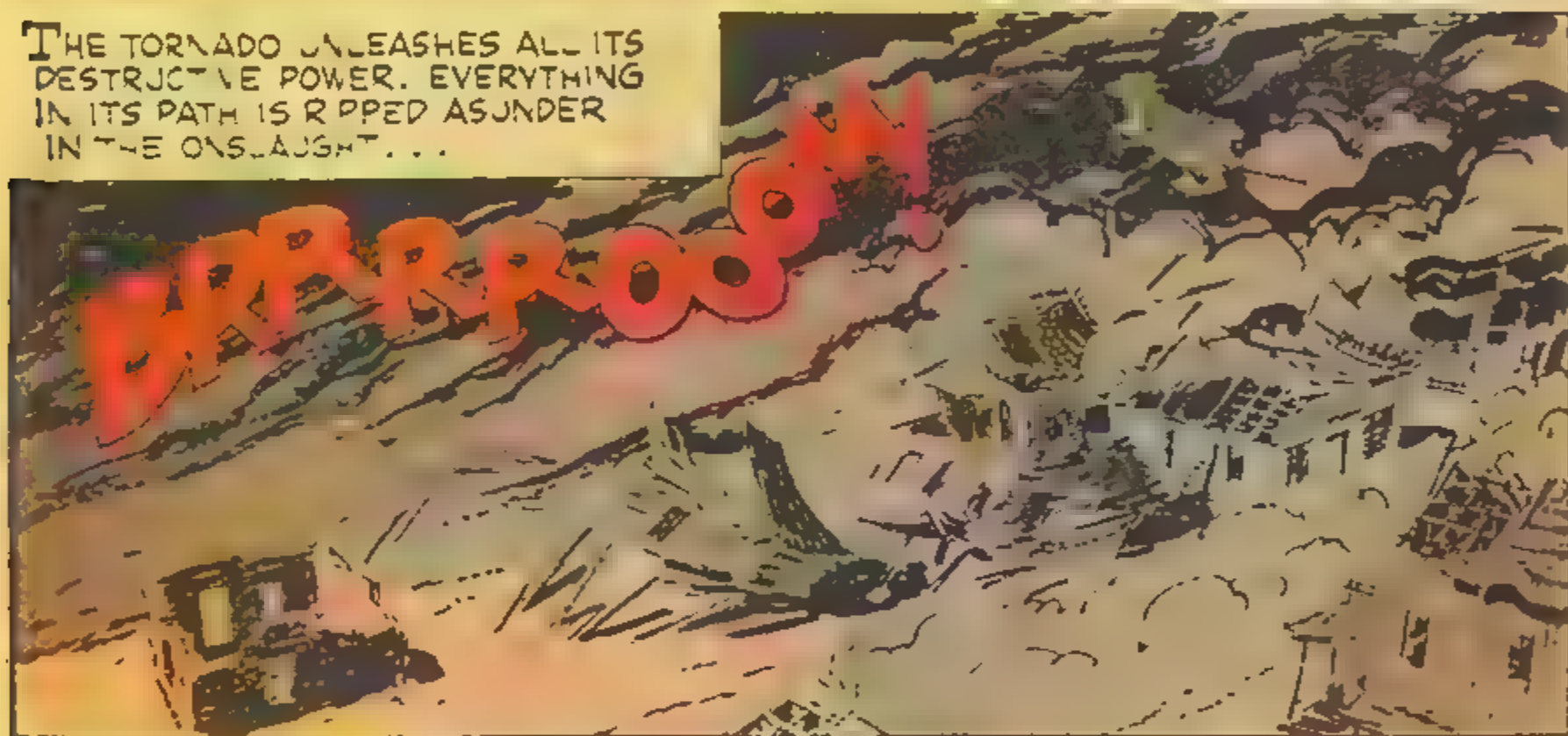
HEAVY OBJECTS ARE PICKED UP  
AS IF BY A GIANT HAND...



BUILDINGS ARE FLATTENED...



THE TORNADO UNLEASHES ALL ITS  
DESTRUCTIVE POWER. EVERYTHING  
IN ITS PATH IS RIPPED ASUNDER  
IN THE ONSLAUGHT...



THEN, ALMOST AS SWIFTLY AS IT  
CAME, THE TWISTER IS GONE...



OH HH, LOOK... EVERYTHING  
IS ALL BROKEN...

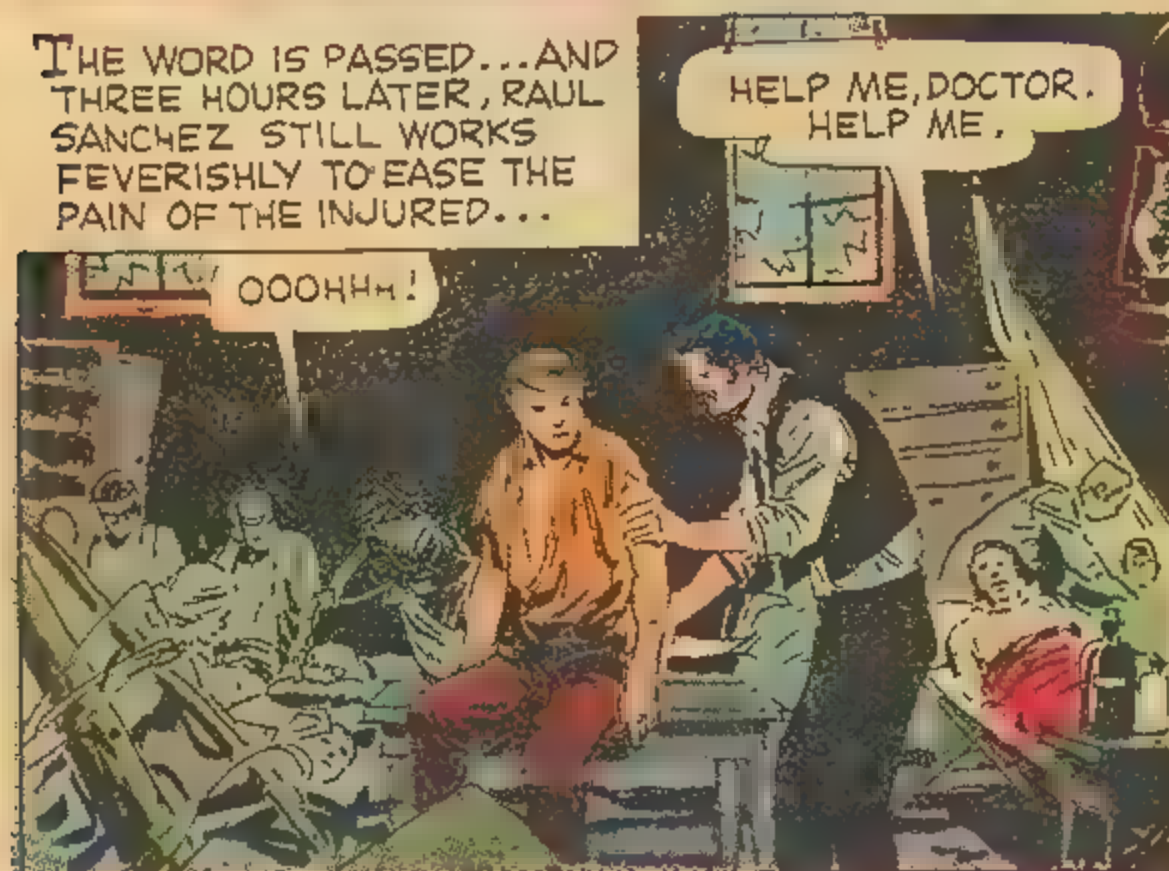
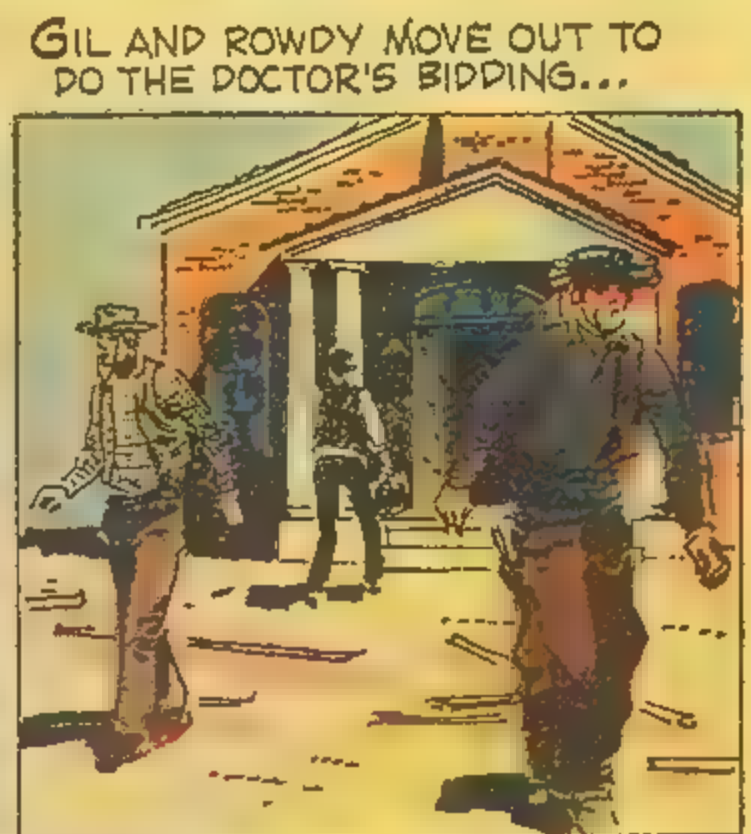
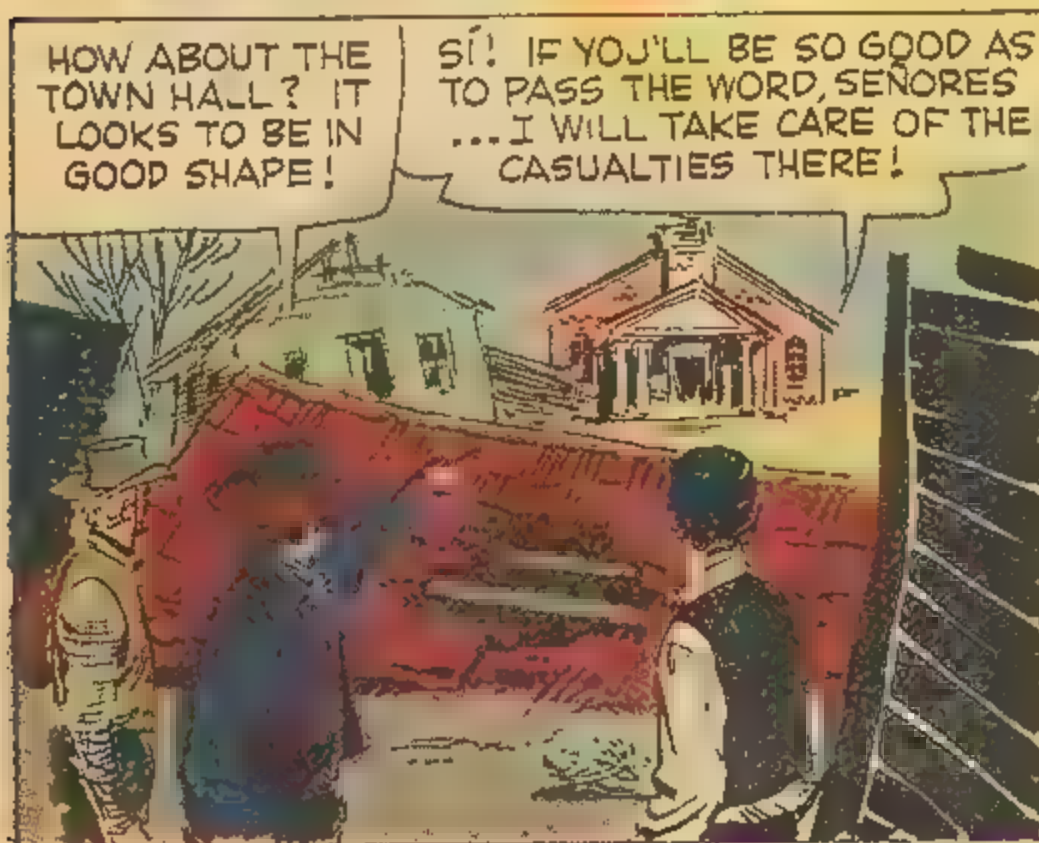
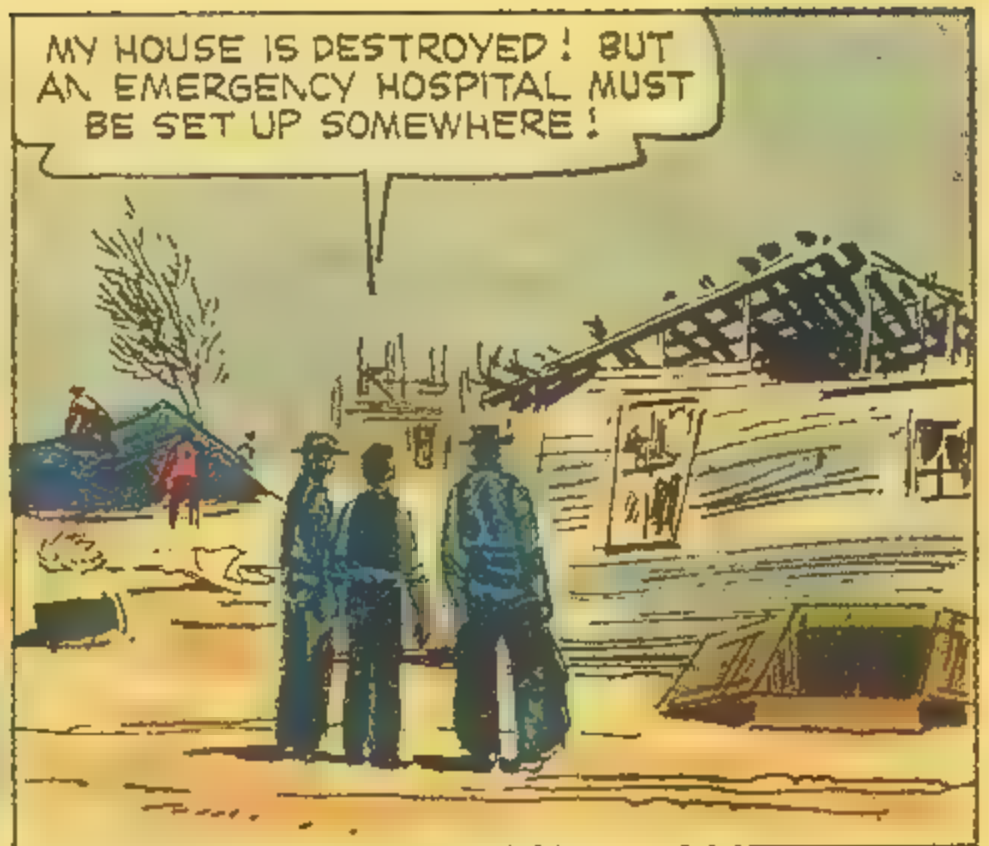


VERY BROKEN...  
BUT OUR TOWN CAN  
BE REBUILT. IT IS  
THE PEOPLE WE  
MUST THINK OF  
NOW!

WE MUST BE BRAVE. THERE  
IS MUCH WORK TO DO. WE  
MUST HELP ONE ANOTHER!



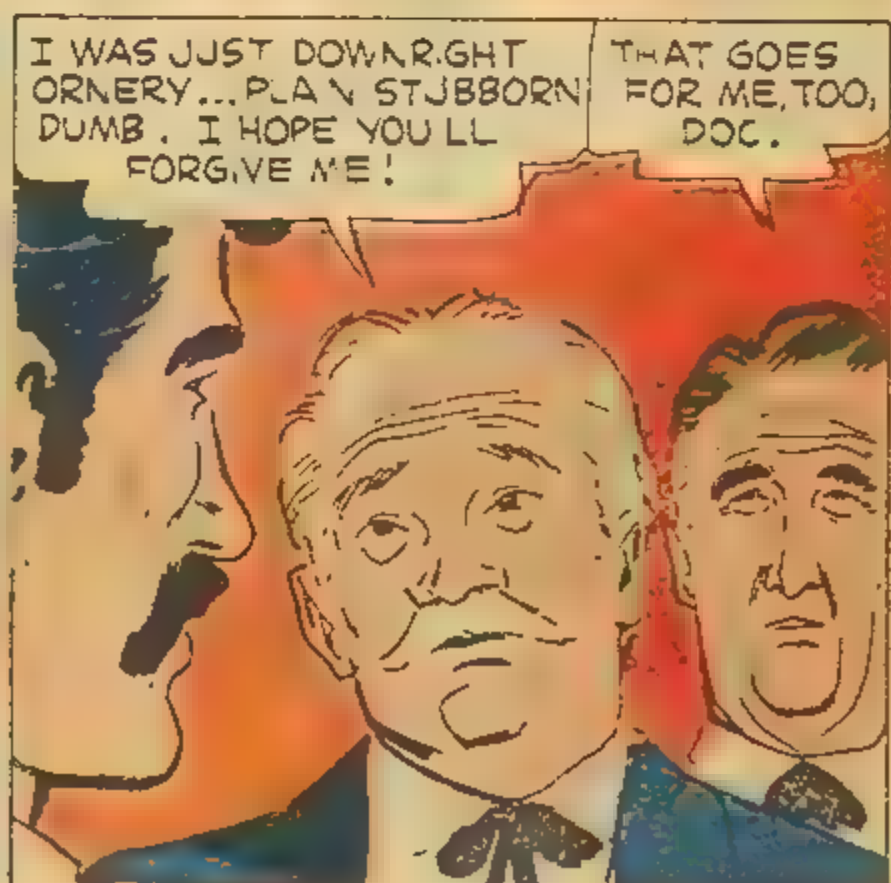
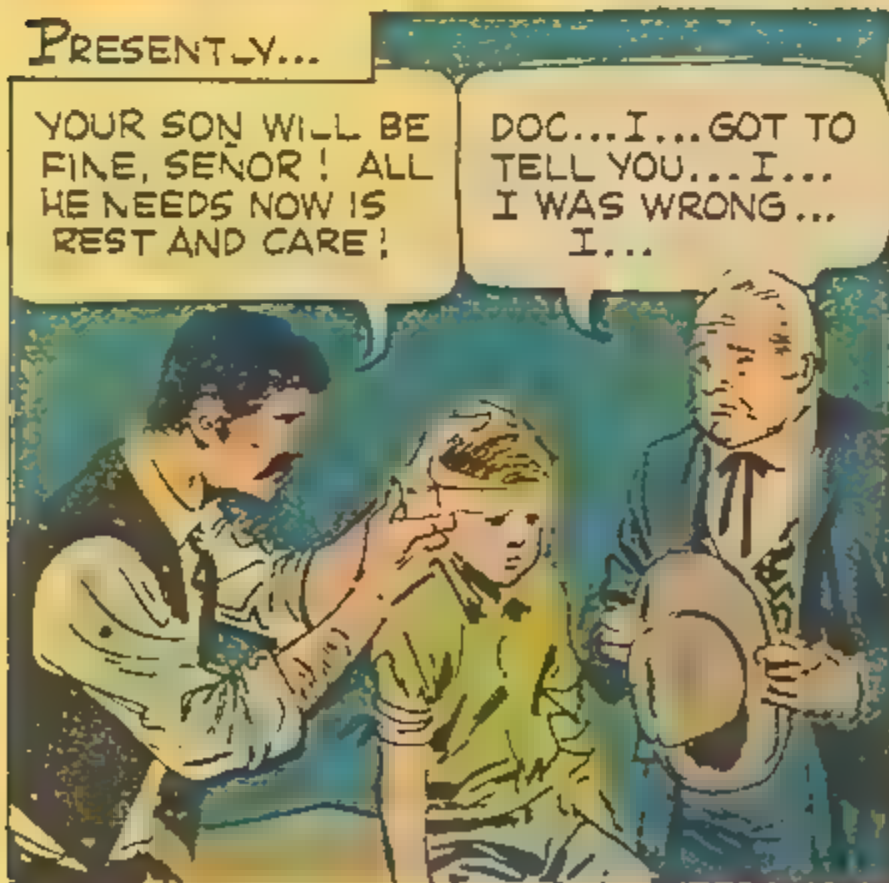
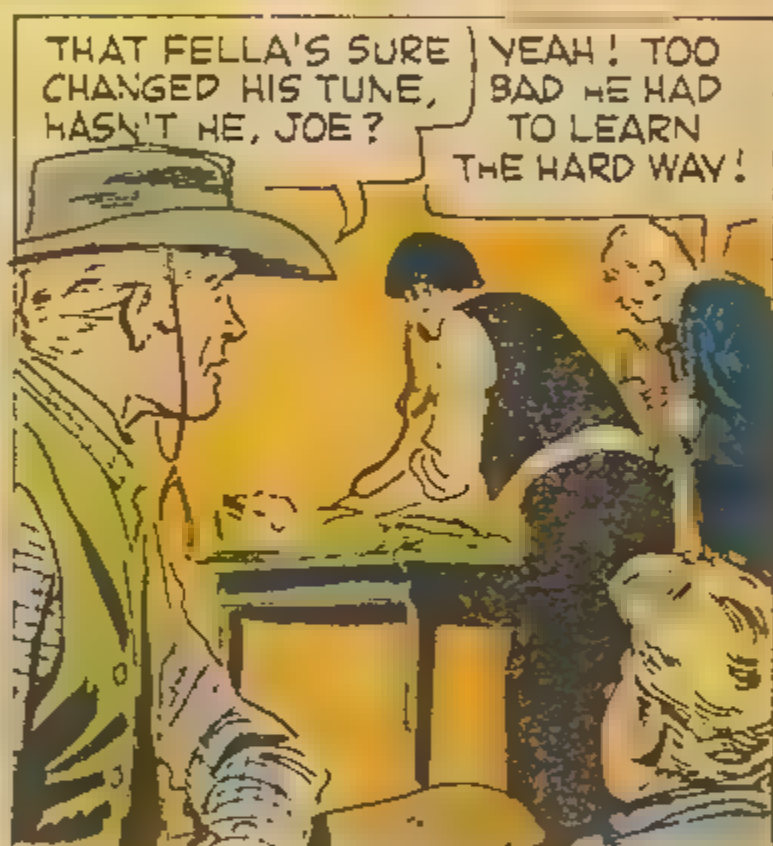
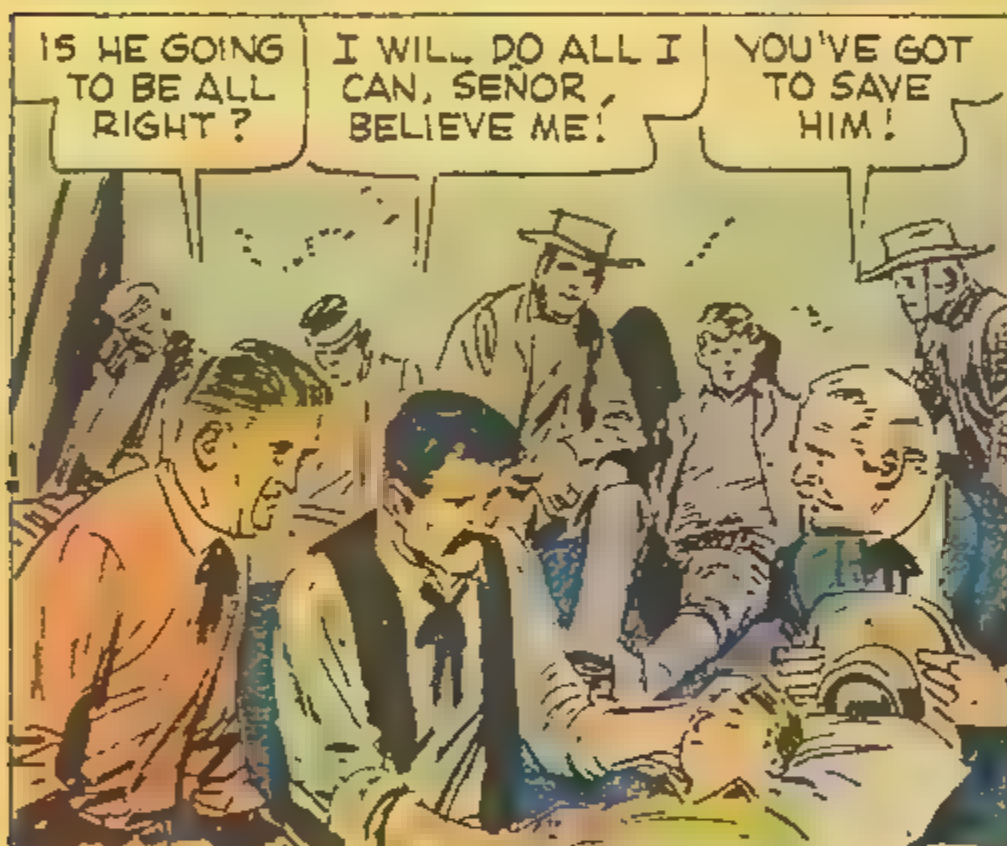
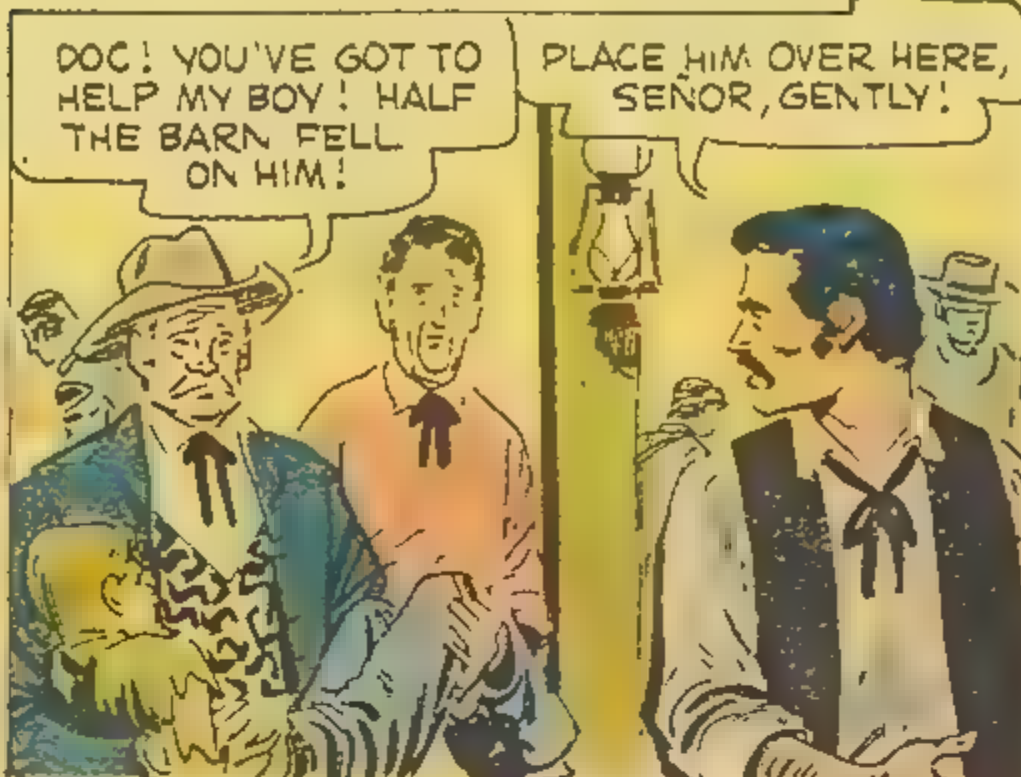




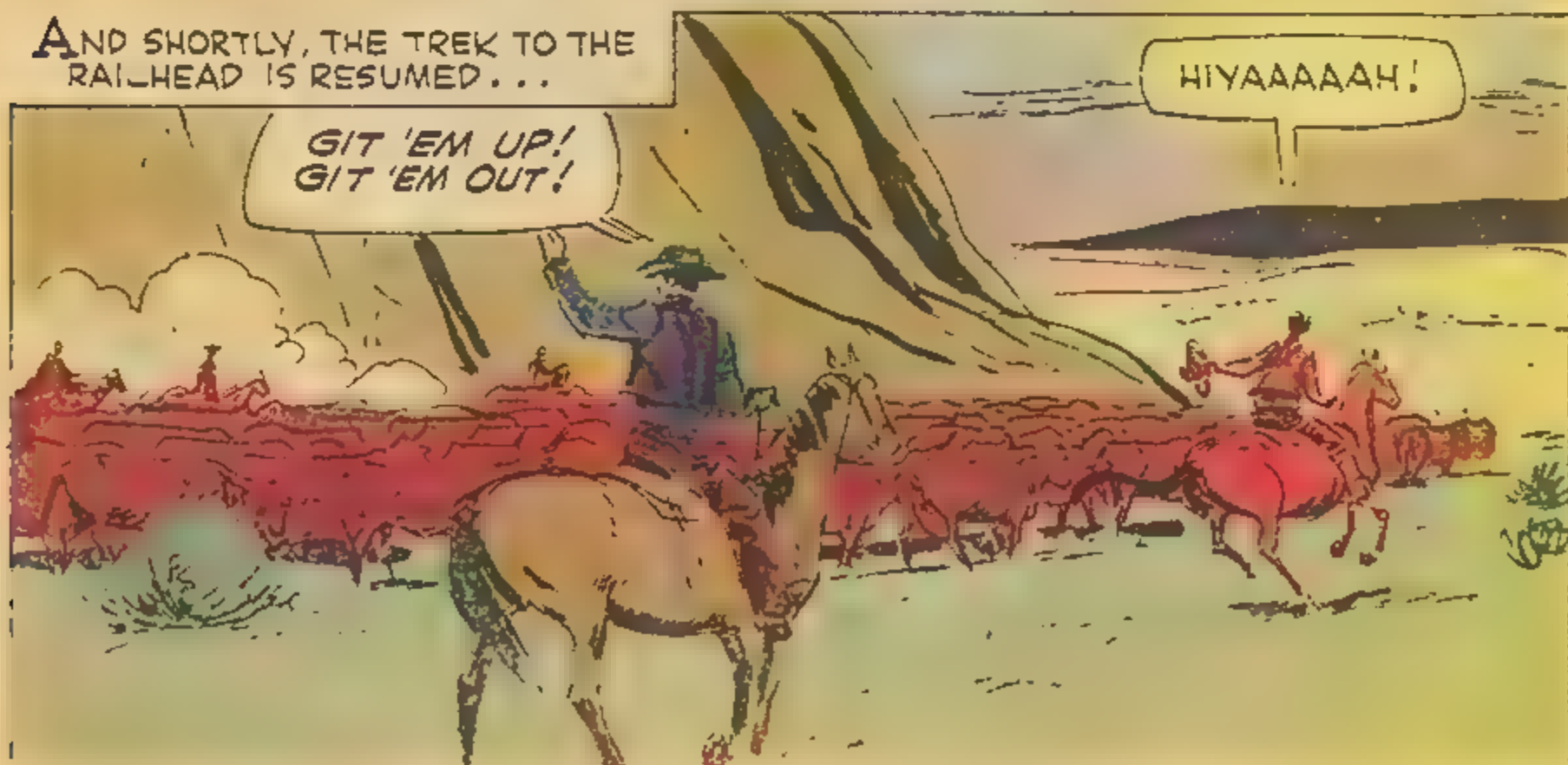
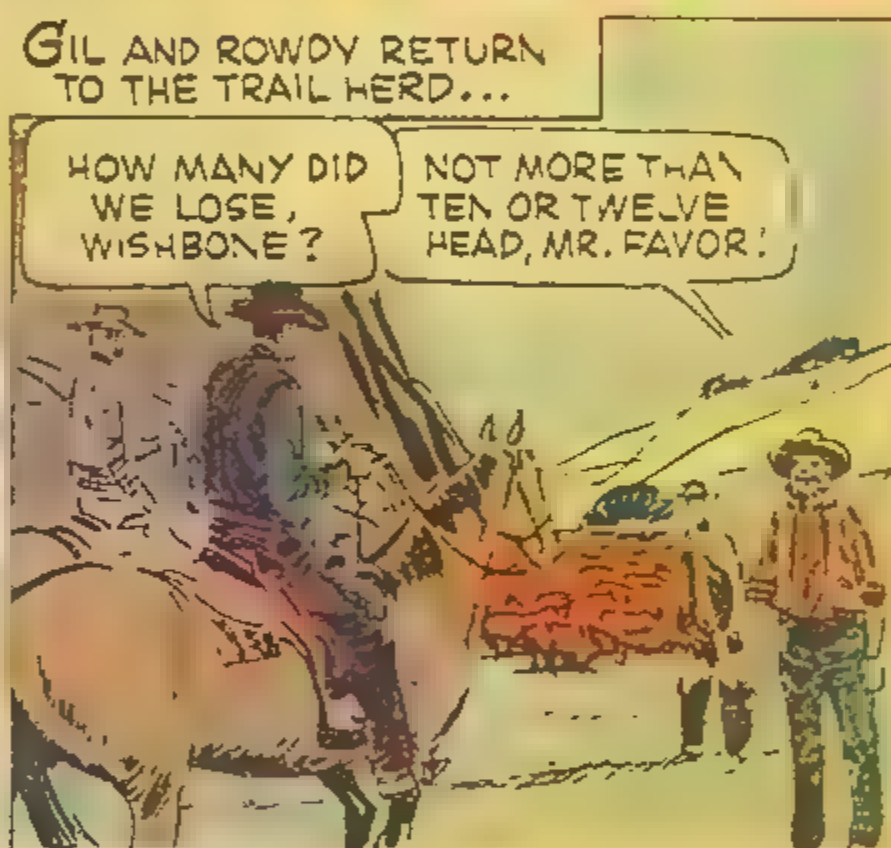
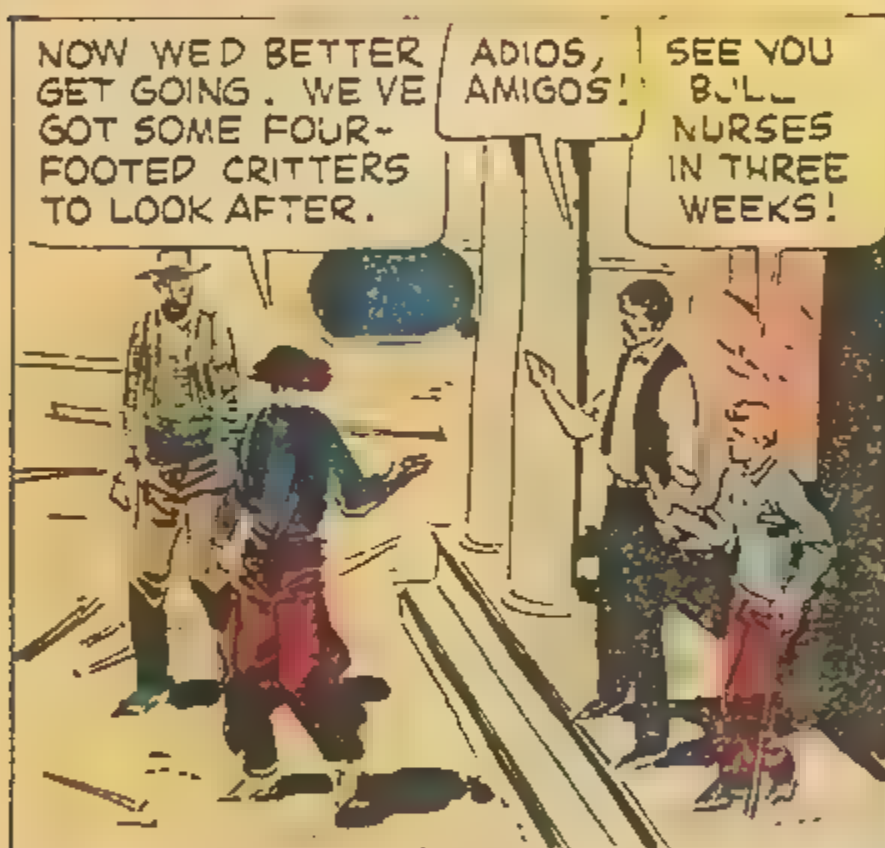
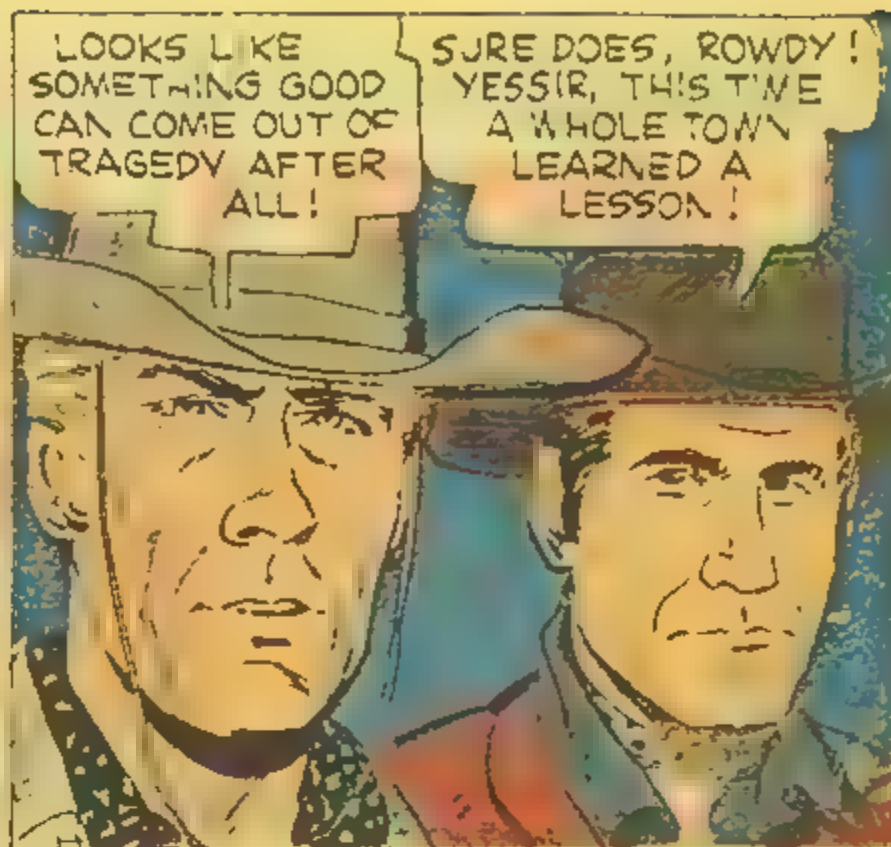
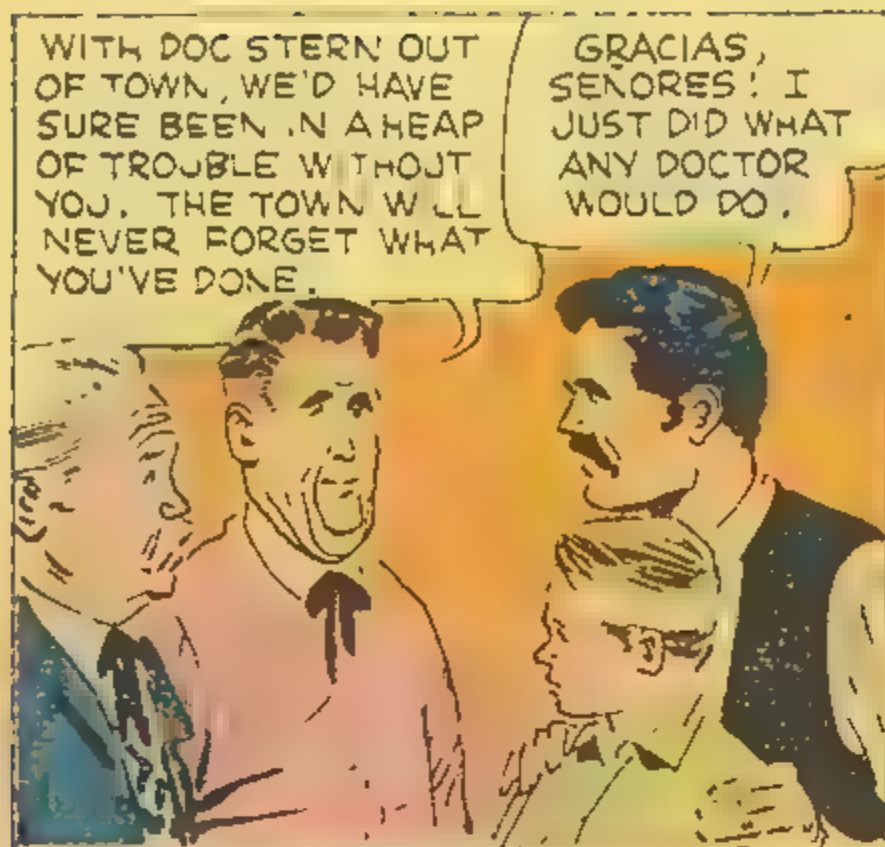


HIS CALM ASSURANCE IN THE FACE OF TRAGEDY DOES NOT GO UNREWARDED...

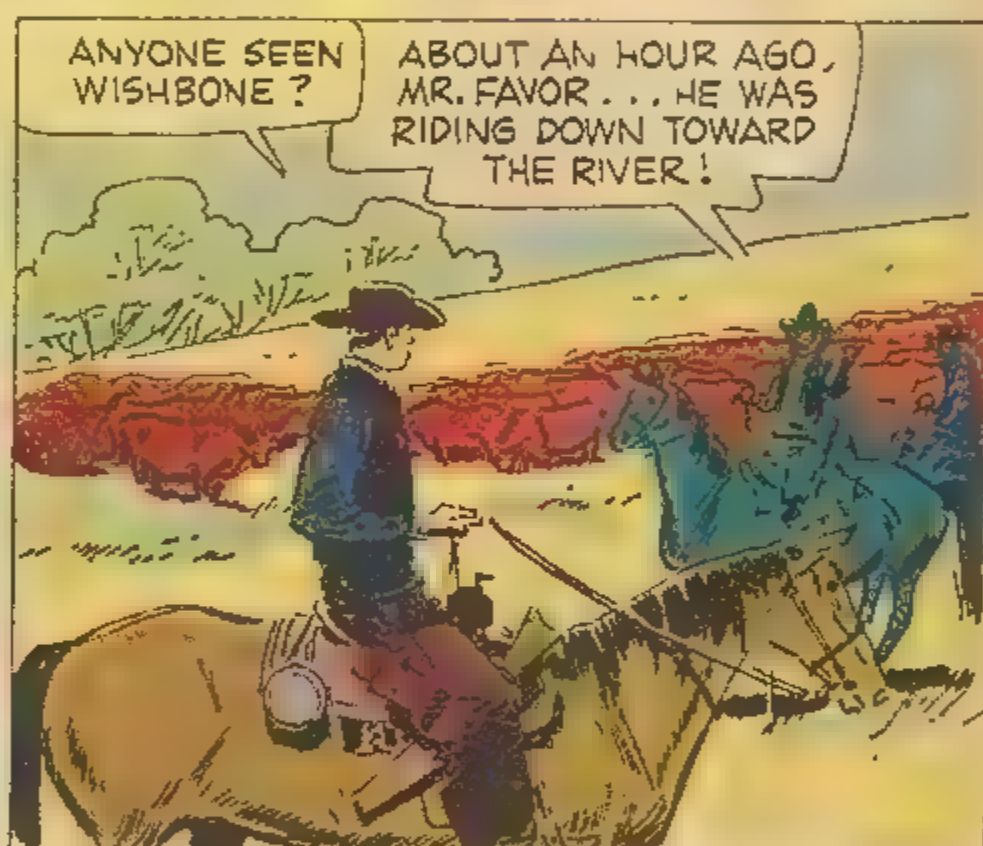
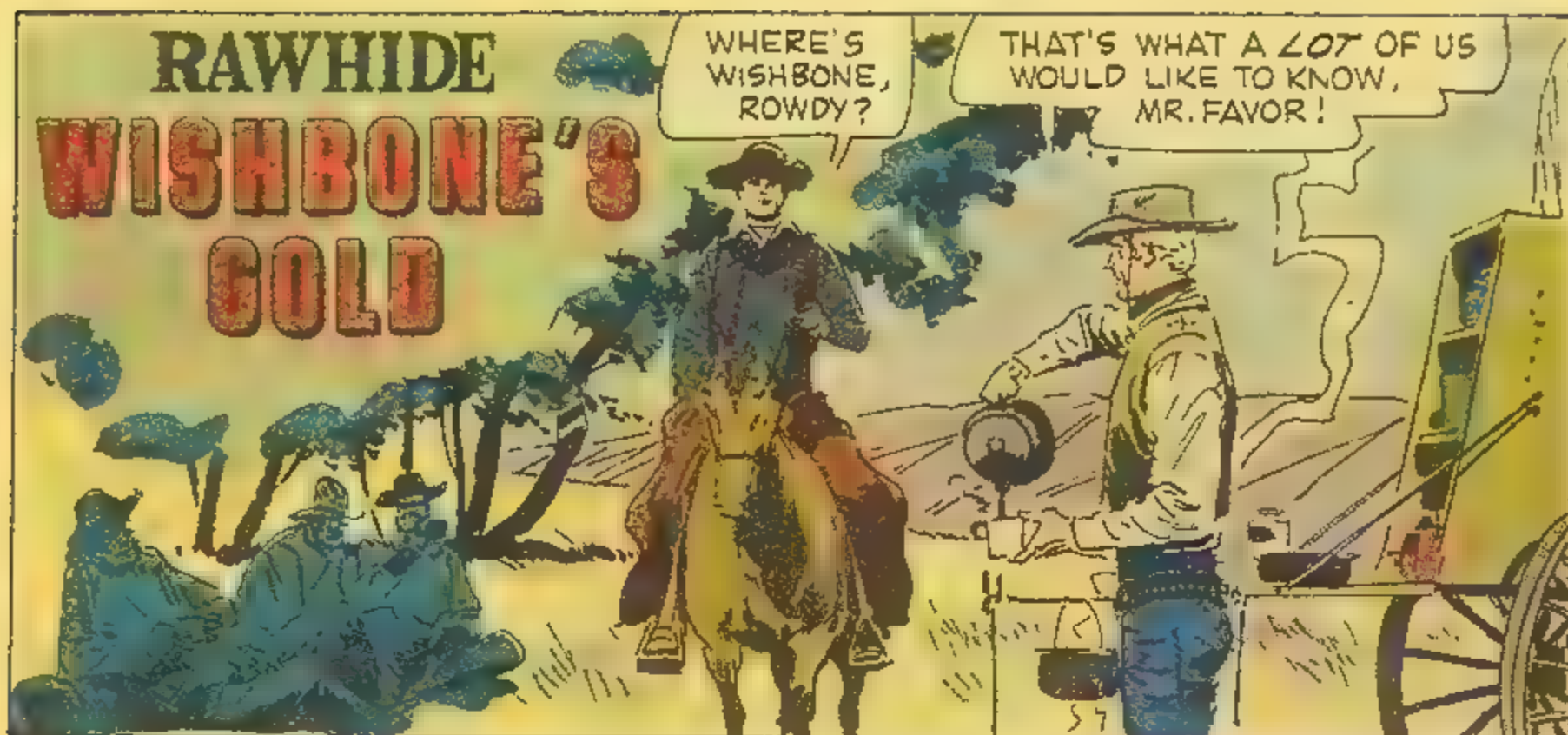
AND THEN, SOME MINUTES LATER...



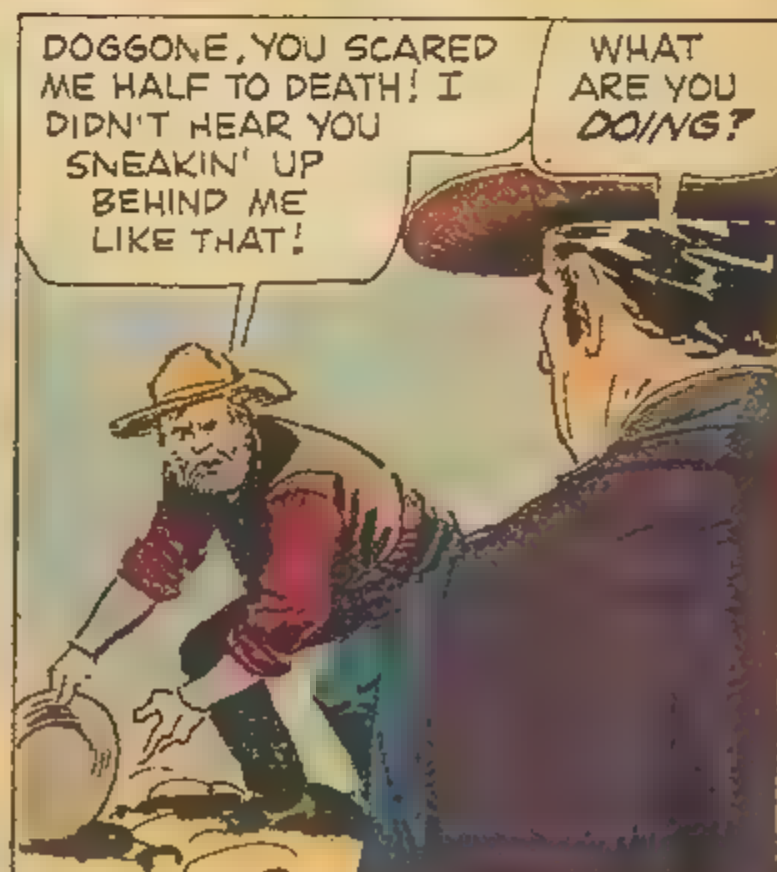
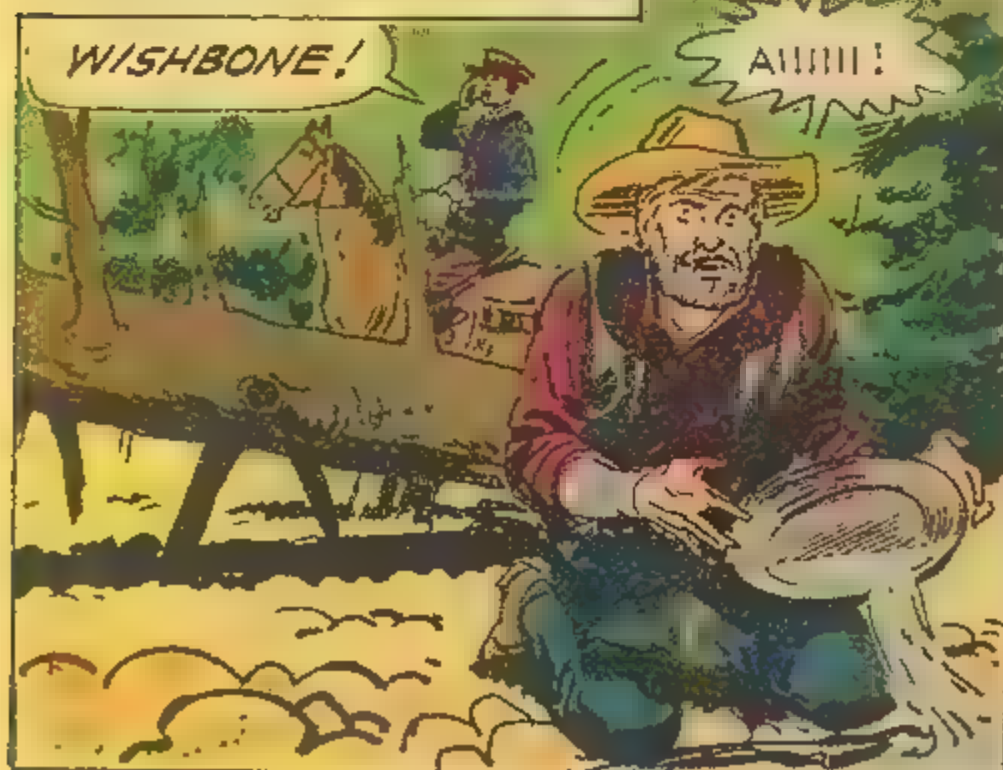




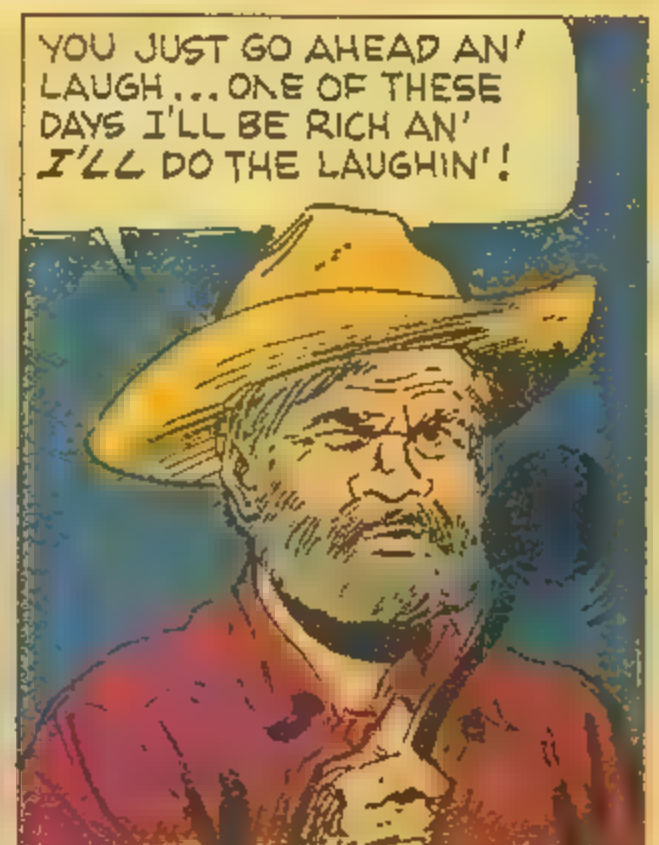
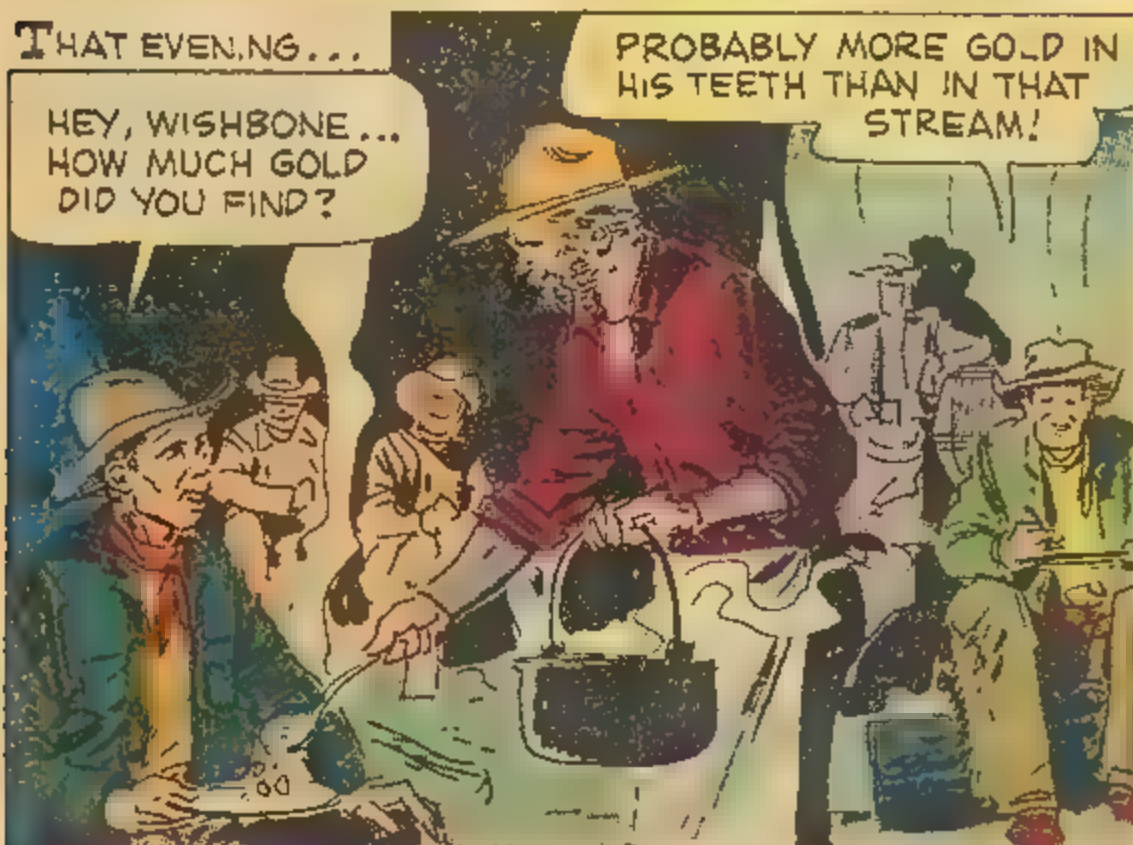
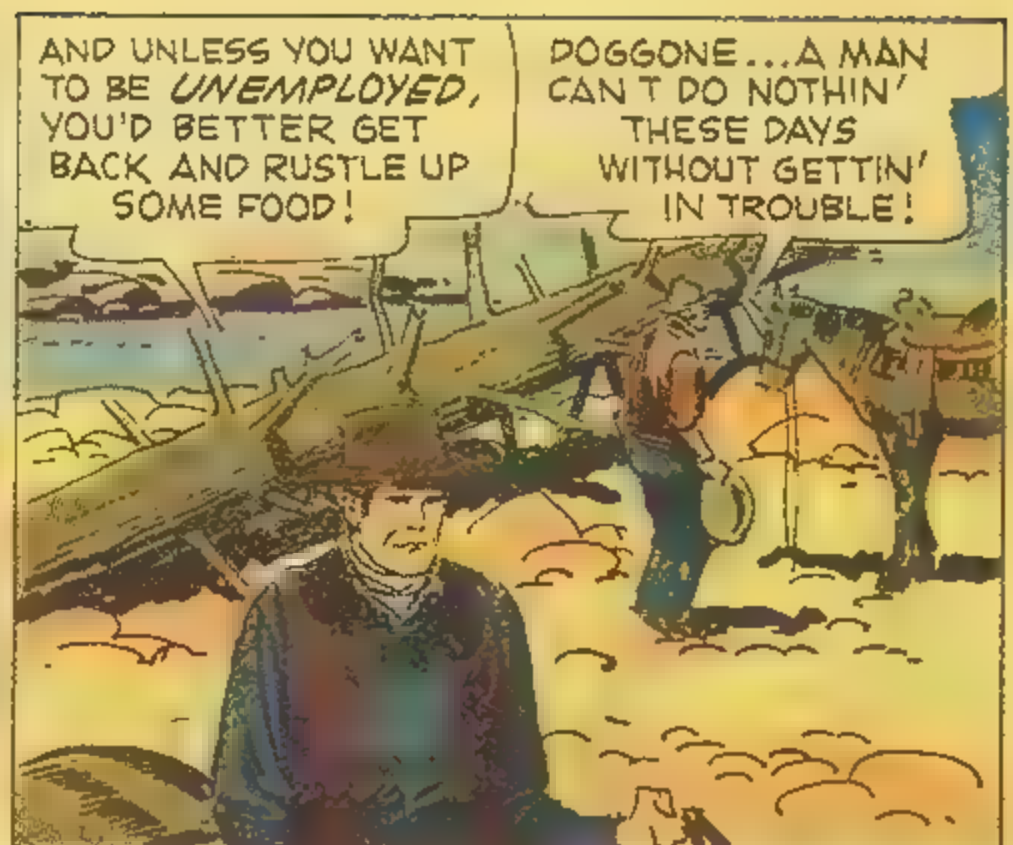
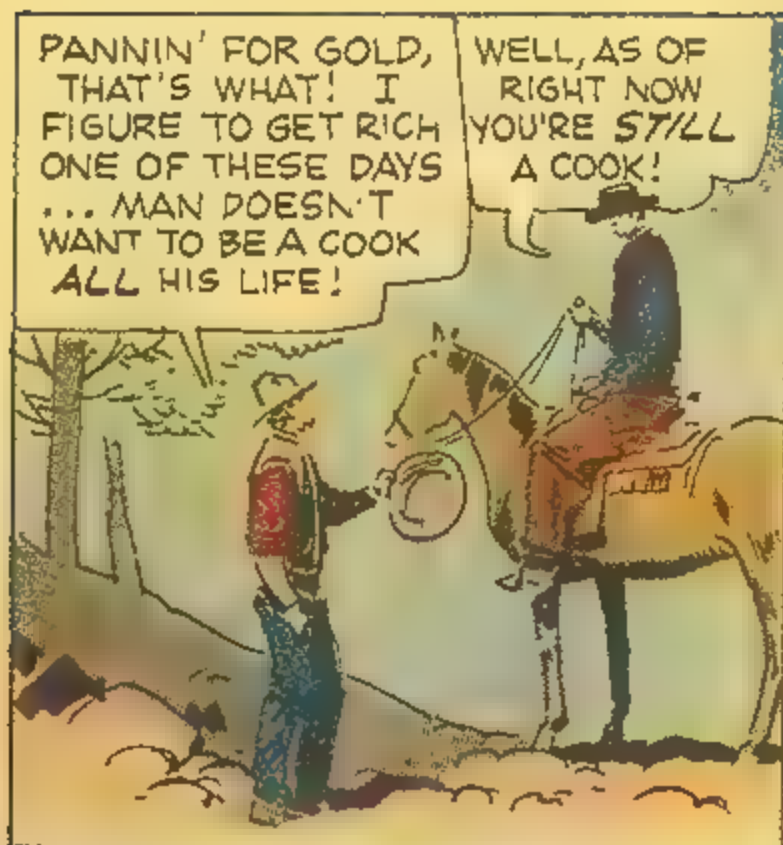




GIL RIDES ALONG THE RIVER, AND FINALLY HE SPOTS HIS MISSING COOK...









WISHBONE GONE  
GOLD HUNTIN' AGAIN,  
MR. FAVOR?

YEAH... RODE DOWN  
TO OX BOW CREEK.

'BOUT ALL HE THINKS ABOUT THESE DAYS 'S  
FINDIN' GOLD... T'D TAKE A YEAR TO GET  
MORE 'N AN OUNCE OUT OF ANY STREAM  
IN THESE PARTS!

IF HE COMES BACK W/TH  
ANYTHING WORTH MORE 'N A DOLLAR,  
I'LL COOK THE MEAL TONIGHT!

AT OX BOW CREEK...

I'LL SHOW THEM BOYS...  
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL  
SHOW 'EM GOOD!

AT THAT MOMENT, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

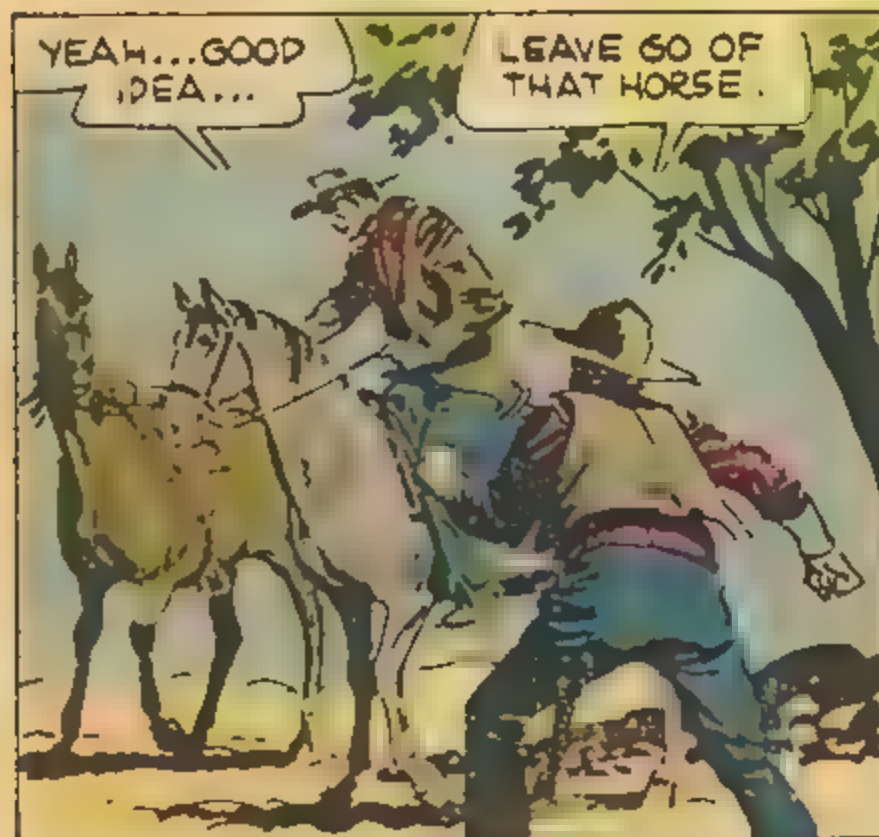
KEEP RIDIN'! THEY'LL  
NEVER PICK UP OUR  
TRACKS IN THIS STREAM!

OH, BOY... I SEE A  
LITTLE GOLD TURNIN'  
UP IN THE PAN... I...

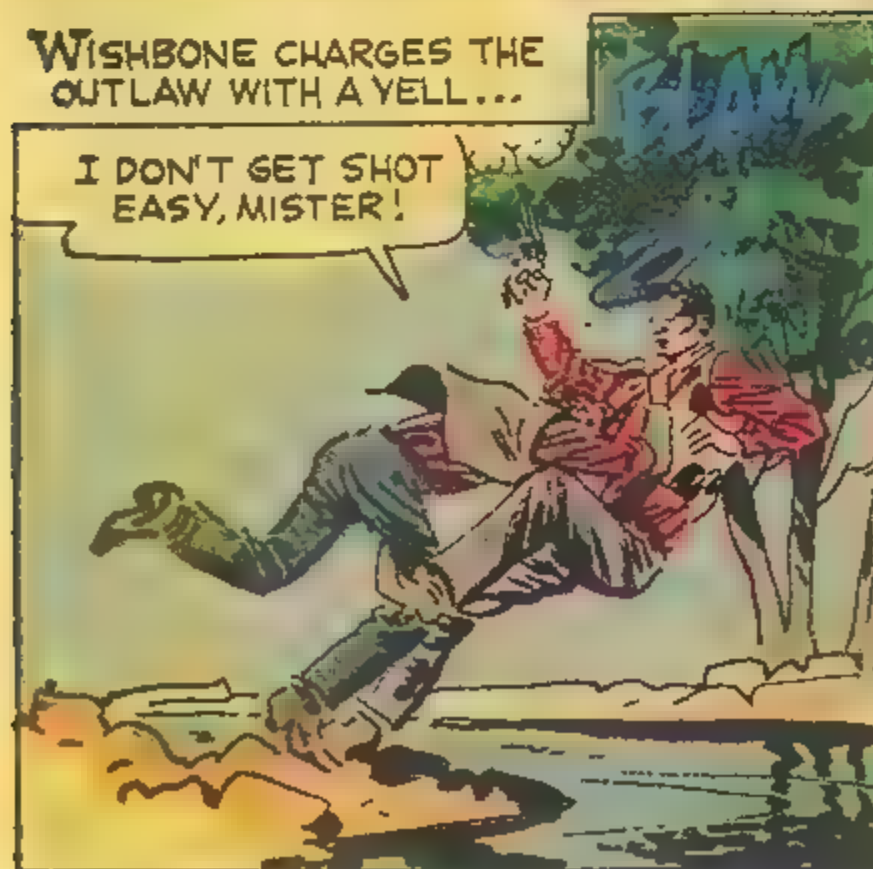
HEY!

SPLASH!



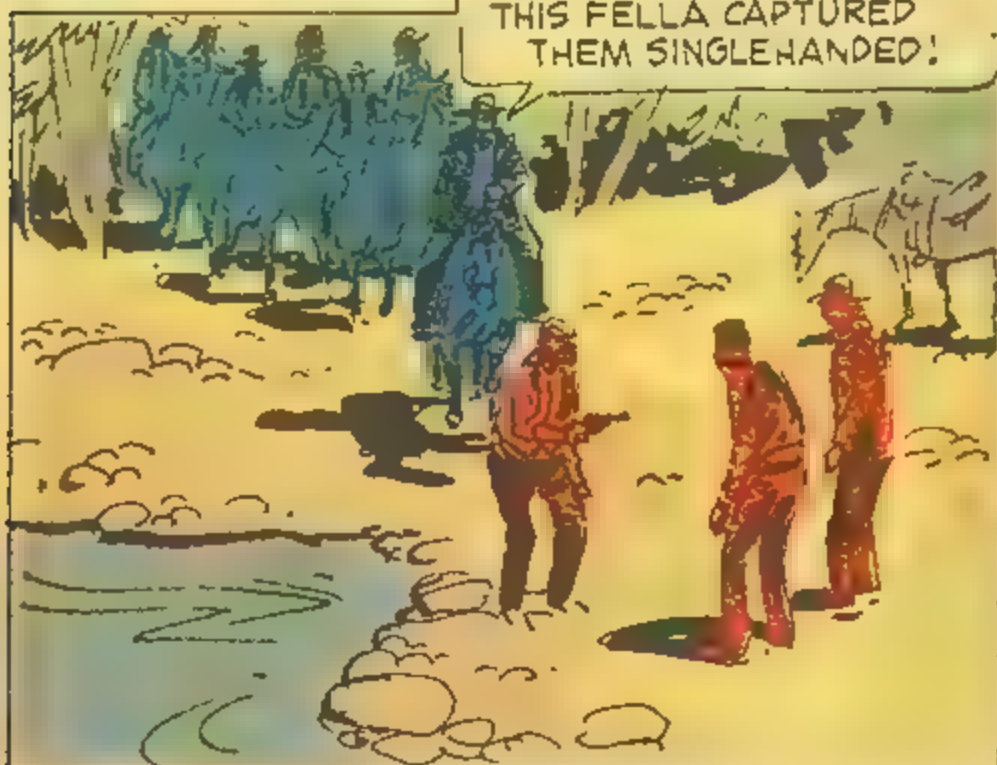








AT THAT MOMENT...



IT'S THOSE OUTLAWS!  
THIS FELLA CAPTURED  
THEM SINGLEHANDED!

MISTER, HOW D.D YOU DO IT? DON'T  
YOU REALIZE THESE MEN ARE  
WANTED OUTLAWS?



MAKES NO  
DIFFERENCE  
TO ME...

TOO MANY PEOPLE  
BEEN MAKIN' FUN OF  
MY GOLD PANNIN'...  
WHEN THESE BOYS  
MADE ME *LOSE* WHAT  
*LITTLE* I FOUND, I  
JUST SAW RED!

I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING  
ALMOST AS GOOD  
AS GOLD FOR  
YOU, MISTER!



HERE'S A HUNDRED DOLLARS! IT'S A  
REWARD FOR CATCHIN' THESE  
TWO HOMBRES!

WELL, I'LL BE  
DOGGONED!



LATER, BACK AT THE TRAIL HERD CAMP...

A *HUNDRED*  
DOLLARS?

SURE! NOW WHAT WAS THAT  
YOU BOYS WERE SAYIN' ABOUT  
ME NOT FINDIN' *ANYTHING*  
IN THOSE STREAMS?



AND AT SUPPERTIME...

HERE'S YOUR  
DINNER,  
WISHBONE!  
COOKED IT  
MYSELF.

THANKS, BOY... AND  
BE SURE YOU WASH  
UP THE PLATES REAL  
CLEAN... I WANT  
EVERYTHING SPIC AND  
SPAN... ARCH FELLA!  
LIKE ME CAN'T BE  
EATIN OFF DIRTY  
PLATES!





# RAWHIDE APACHE AMBUSH

TROUBLE,  
ROWDY?

'FRAID SO, MR. FAVOR!  
APACHES! ON A RIDGE  
ABOUT THREE MILES  
AHEAD!

ON THE HOT, ARID WASTELAND  
OF AN ARIZONA DESERT, GIL  
FAVOR, TRAIL BOSS, REINS UP  
AS ROWDY YATES RIDES IN  
WITH DISTRESSING NEWS...

BETWEEN US AND  
WATER, EH?

YESSIR... AND THEY  
KNOW IT!

DO THEY LOOK  
MEAN, OR JUST  
HUNGRY?

HARD TO SAY! NO  
PAINT, BUT MOST OF  
THEM ARE ARMED!

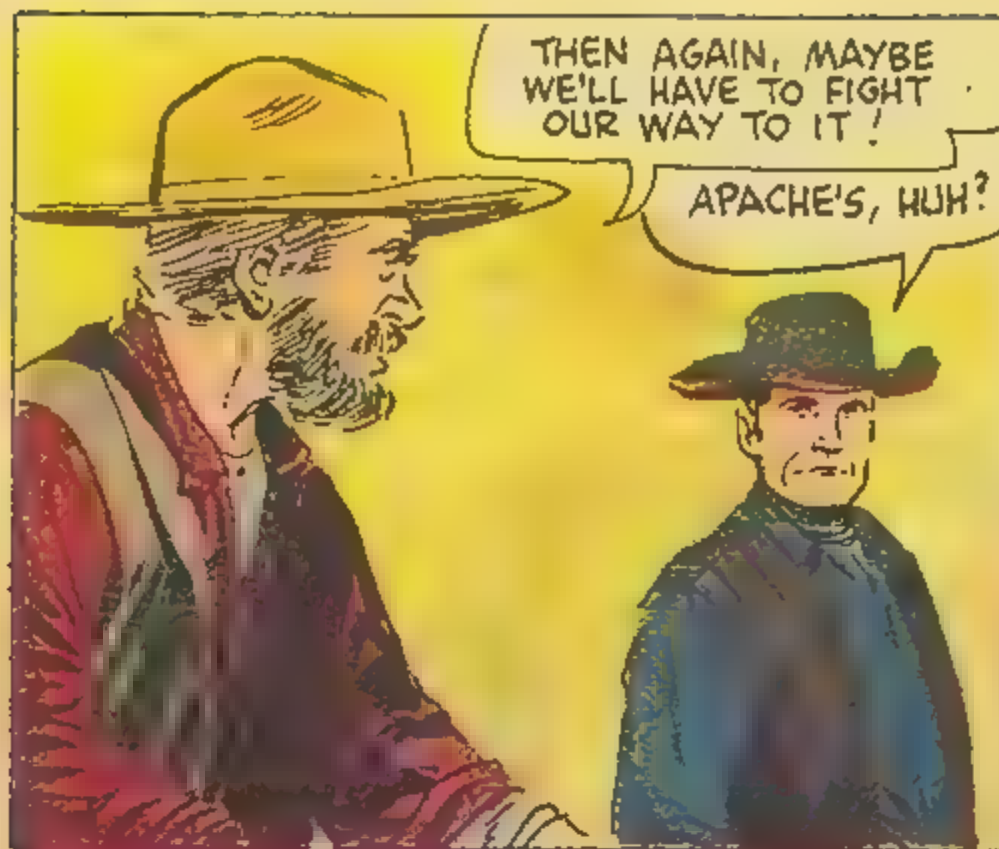
HAVE THE 'TAIL RIDERS' BRING  
UP THREE HEAD OF THE SLOWEST  
CRITTERS WE HAVE!

YESSIR!

ROWDY LOOKS IN  
AN ALL-FIRED  
HURRY, MR. FAVOR!  
WHAT'S WRONG?

MAYBE NOTHING,  
WISHBONE! COULD  
BE ALL WE HAVE TO  
DO IS PAY A TOLL TO  
GET TO WATER!





THEN AGAIN, MAYBE  
WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT  
OUR WAY TO IT!

APACHE'S, HUH?



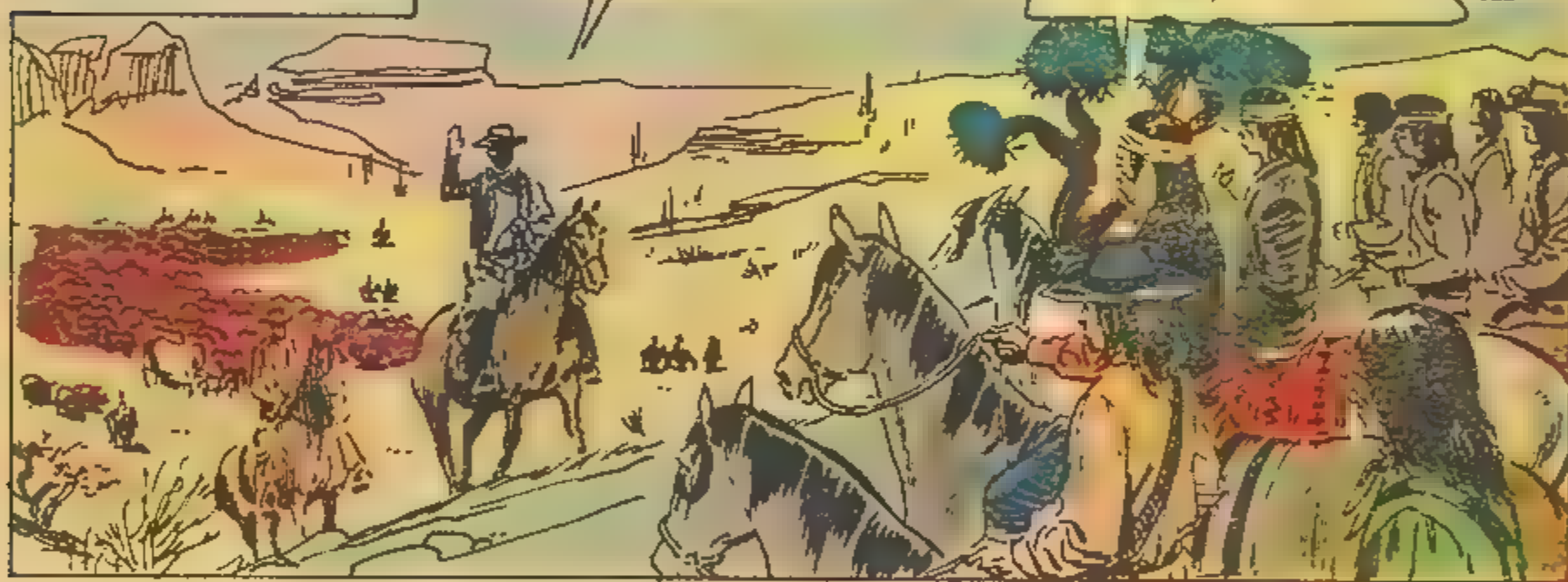
YEP! ALL WE CAN  
HOPE IS THEY DON'T  
HAVE THEIR DANDER  
UP! I'LL KNOW THAT  
WHEN I HAVE A TALK  
WITH THEM!

JUST DON'T  
TRUST 'EM TOO  
FAR! SOME OF  
THOSE APACHES  
ARE DOWNRIGHT  
ORNERY!

SOMETIME LATER,  
GIL AND ROWDY RIDE  
FORWARD TO PALAVER  
WITH THE APACHES...

WE DO NOT WEAR  
GUNS, CHIEF! WE  
COME IN PEACE!

THAT IS GOOD! WE DO NOT  
WANT THE GUNS TO SPEAK! BUT  
THIS IS OUR LAND... YOU PASS  
THROUGH, YOU PAY!

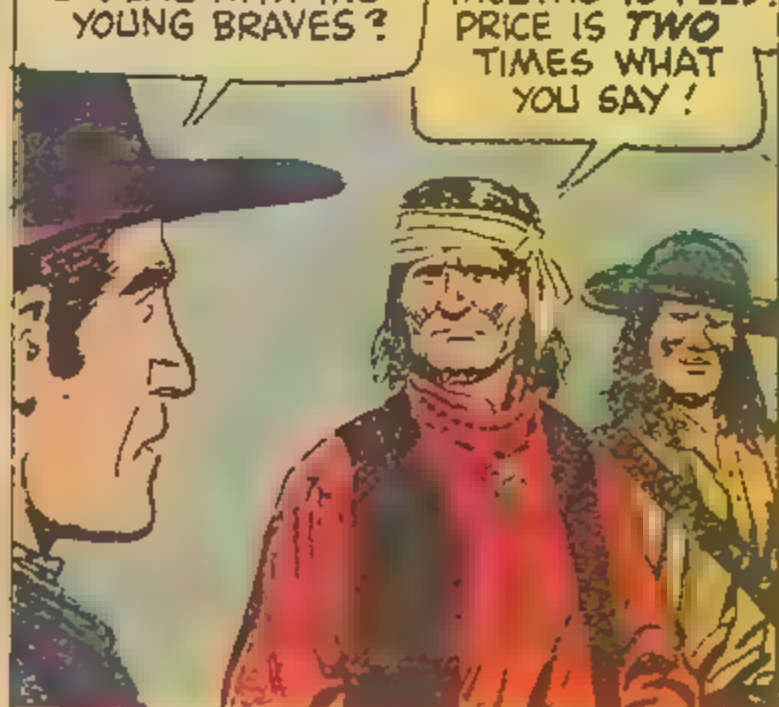


AS YOU WISH, CHIEF! I HAVE  
ALREADY ORDERED THREE CATTLE  
AS PAYMENT! AT MY SIGNAL,  
THEY WILL BE BROUGHT FORWARD!

THREE NOT  
ENOUGH! YOU  
PAY MANY  
MORE!

DOES THE CHIEF  
NOT DO HIS OWN  
TALKING? OR DO  
I DEAL WITH THE  
YOUNG BRAVES?

YOU SPEAK WITH  
CHIEF TAWEH!  
HAVE MANY  
MOUTHS TO FEED!  
PRICE IS **TWO**  
TIMES WHAT  
YOU SAY!





THE PRICE IS HIGH! DO YOU  
AGREE TO LET US HAVE SAFE  
PASSAGE THROUGH YOUR  
TERRITORY IN EXCHANGE?

YES! YOU WILL  
NOT BE HARMED!  
I HAVE SPOKEN!

CUT 'EM OUT  
AND BRING 'EM  
UP, ROWDY!

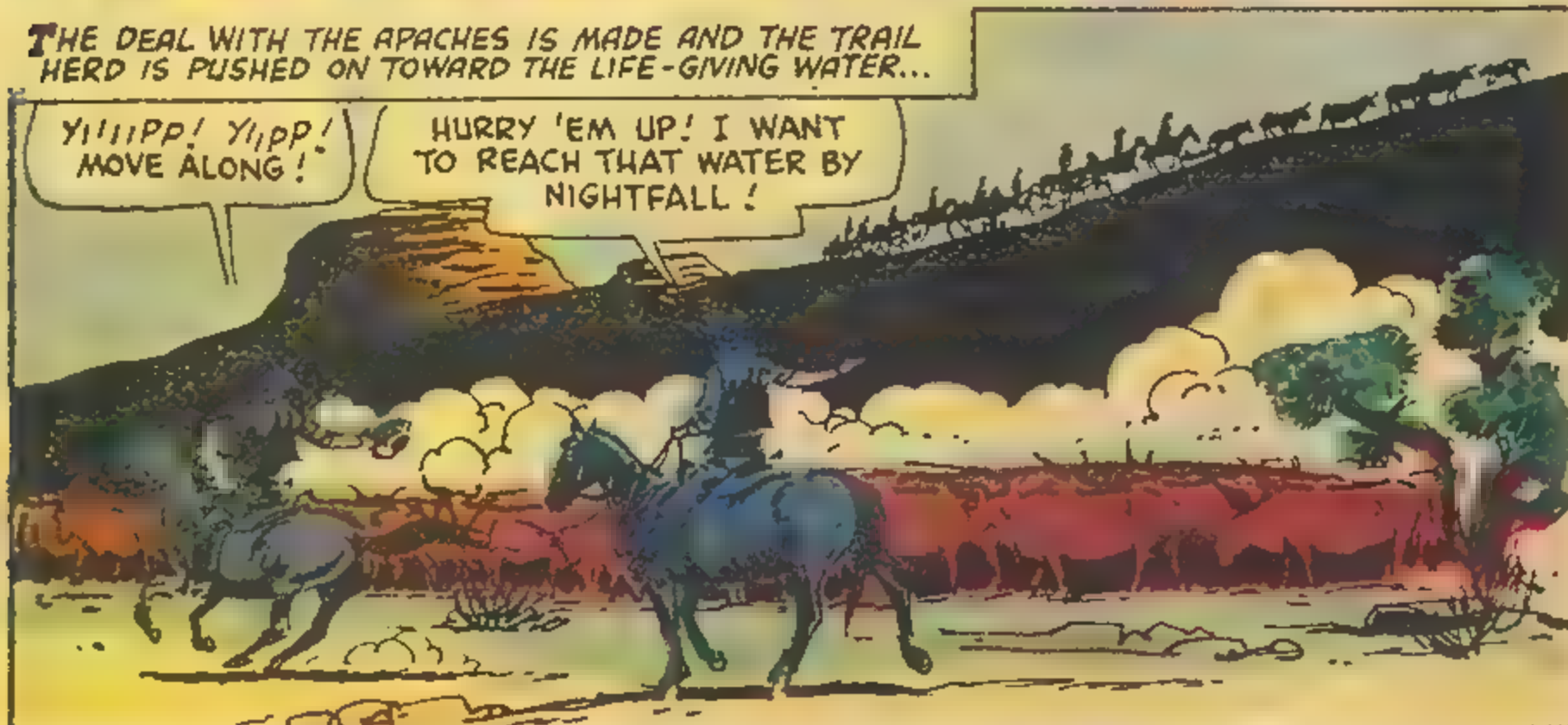
SIX HEAD COMING  
UP, MR. FAVOR!



THE DEAL WITH THE APACHES IS MADE AND THE TRAIL  
HERD IS PUSHED ON TOWARD THE LIFE-GIVING WATER...

YIIIPP! YIIPP!  
MOVE ALONG!

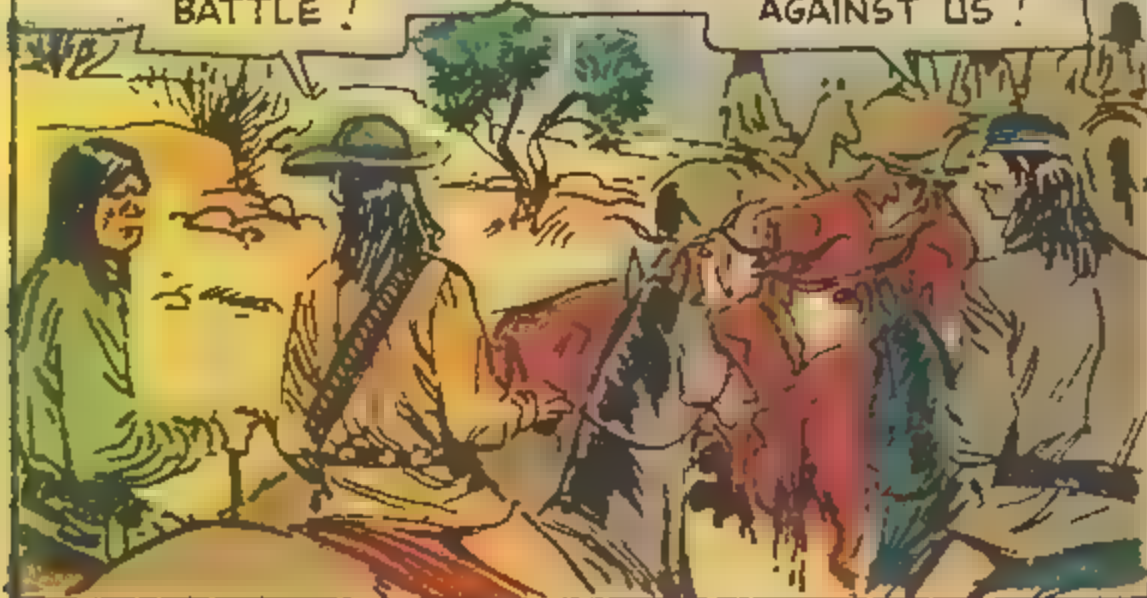
HURRY 'EM UP! I WANT  
TO REACH THAT WATER BY  
NIGHTFALL!



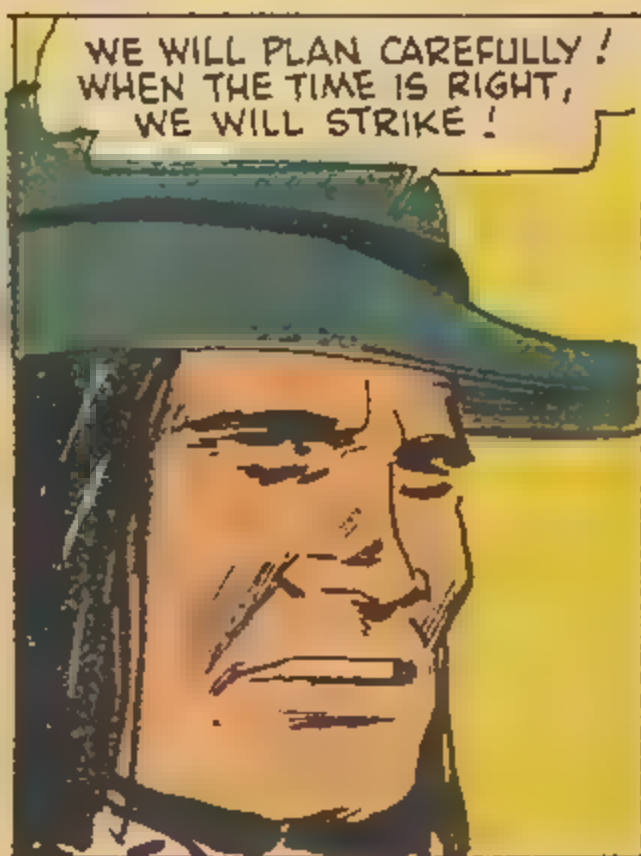
BUT SOME OF THE HOTHEADED YOUNG BRAVES ARE  
NOT SATISFIED...

OUR CHIEF IS OLD AND  
WEAK! HE NO LONGER  
HAS THE TASTE FOR  
BATTLE!

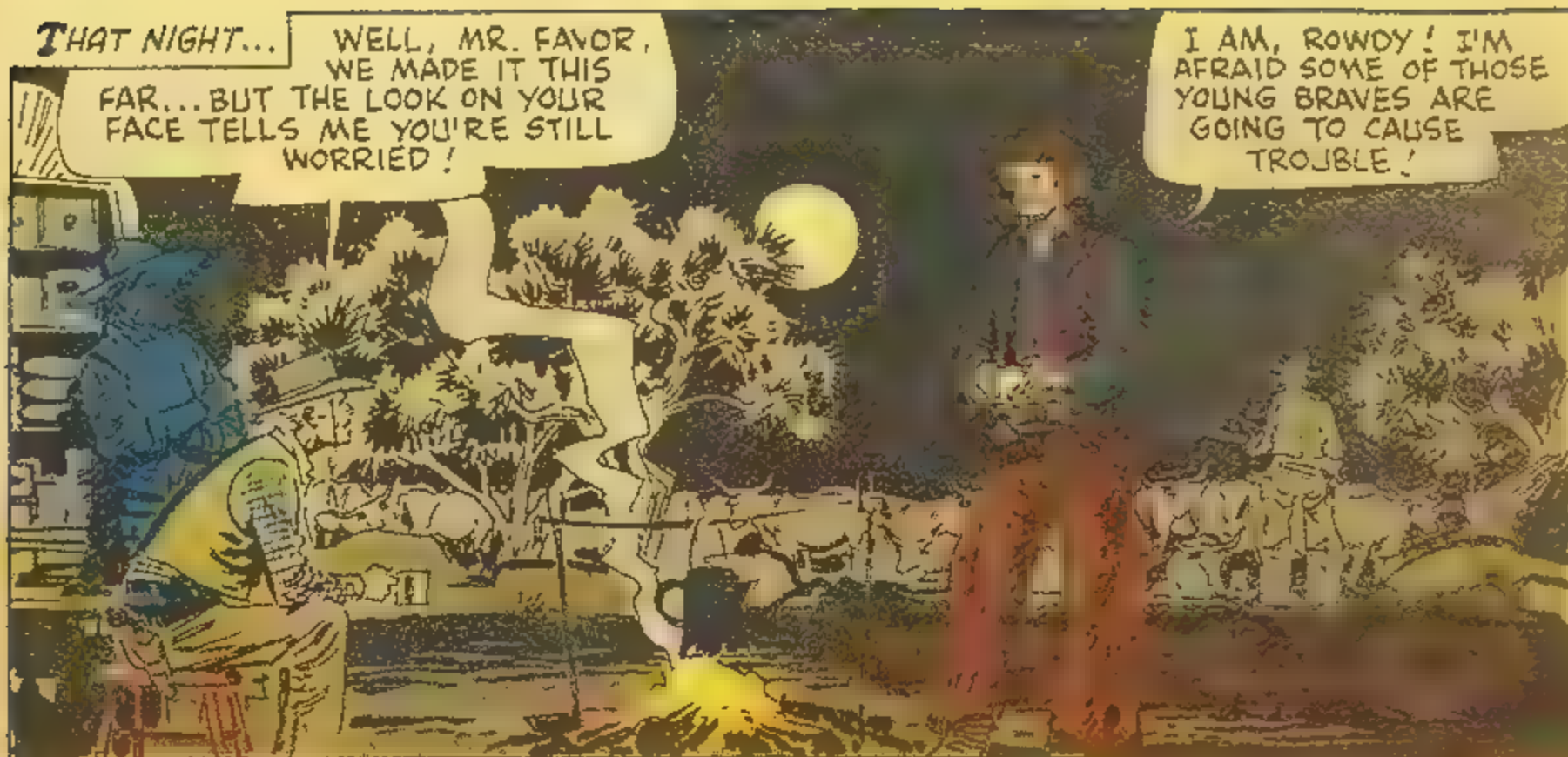
GAREMA IS RIGHT! WE  
SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE  
WHOLE HERD! THEY DO NOT  
HAVE THE GUNS TO STAND  
AGAINST US!



WE WILL PLAN CAREFULLY!  
WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT,  
WE WILL STRIKE!



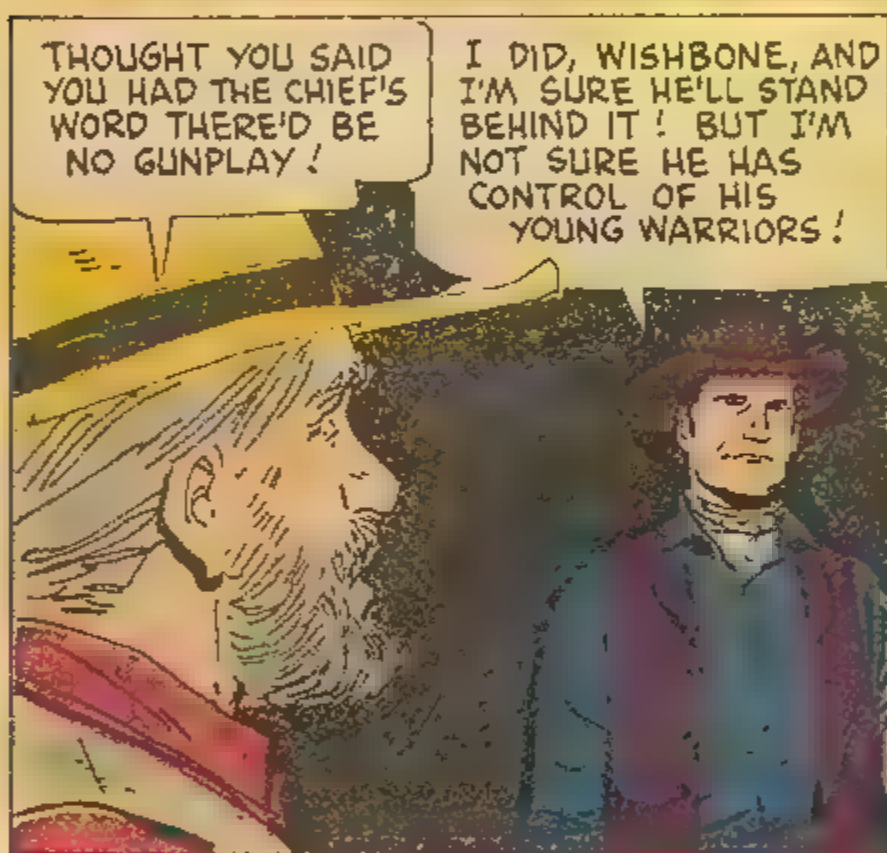




THAT NIGHT...

WELL, MR. FAVOR,  
WE MADE IT THIS  
FAR... BUT THE LOOK ON YOUR  
FACE TELLS ME YOU'RE STILL  
WORRIED!

I AM, ROWDY! I'M  
AFRAID SOME OF THOSE  
YOUNG BRAVES ARE  
GOING TO CAUSE  
TROUBLE!



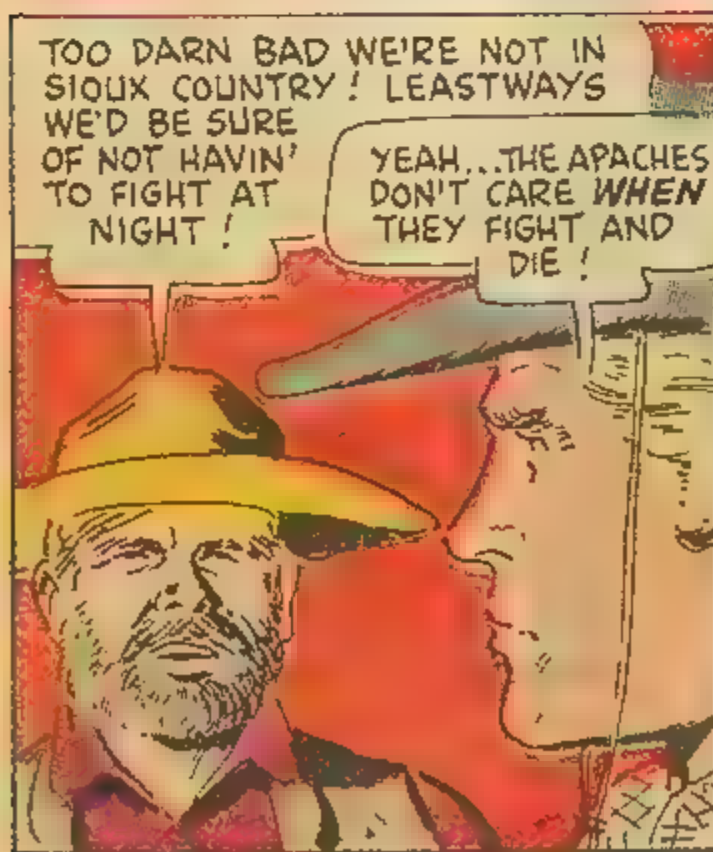
THOUGHT YOU SAID  
YOU HAD THE CHIEF'S  
WORD THERE'D BE  
NO GUNPLAY!

I DID, WISHBONE, AND  
I'M SURE HE'LL STAND  
BEHIND IT! BUT I'M  
NOT SURE HE HAS  
CONTROL OF HIS  
YOUNG WARRIORS!



IT WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST  
TIME A BUNCH OF HOTHEADED  
APACHES BROKE AWAY FROM  
THEIR TRIBE AND WENT TO  
KILLING!

SURE  
WOULDN'T



TOO DARN BAD WE'RE NOT IN  
SIOUX COUNTRY! LEASTWAYS  
WE'D BE SURE  
OF NOT HAVIN'  
TO FIGHT AT  
NIGHT!

YEAH...THE APACHES  
DON'T CARE *WHEN*  
THEY FIGHT AND  
DIE!

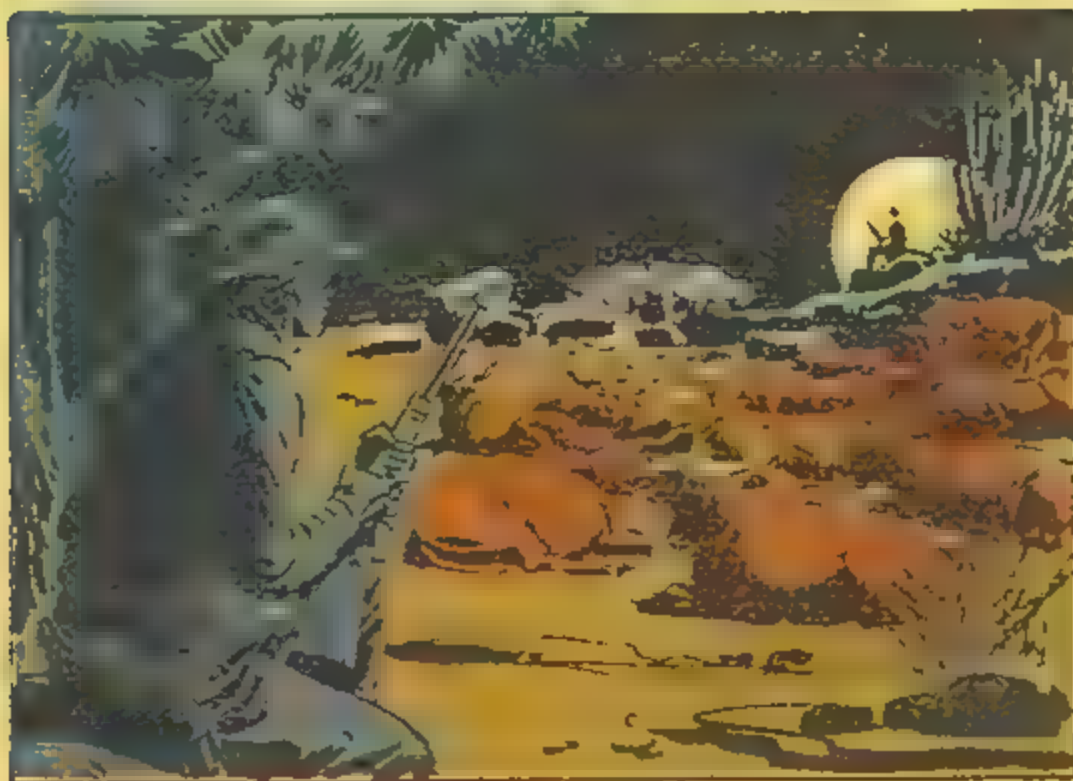


DOUBLE THE GUARD!  
WE'LL TAKE FOUR-HOUR  
SHIFTS UNTIL DAWN!

WHATEVER YOU SAY,  
MR. FAVOR!



ALL DURING THE LONG NIGHT, WATCHFUL EYES  
ARE ALERT FOR A SURPRISE ATTACK.



BUT DAWN COMES WITHOUT  
INCIDENT...



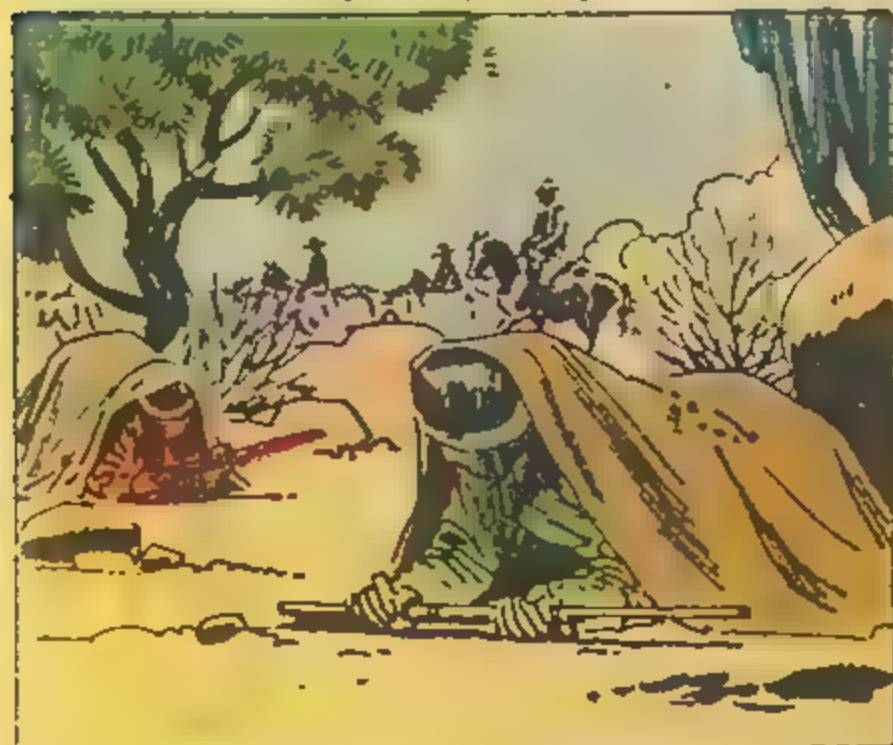
THE HERD IS PUSHED ONWARD  
TOWARD ROCKY COUNTRY...

HIYAAAH! GIT  
ALONG, THERE!

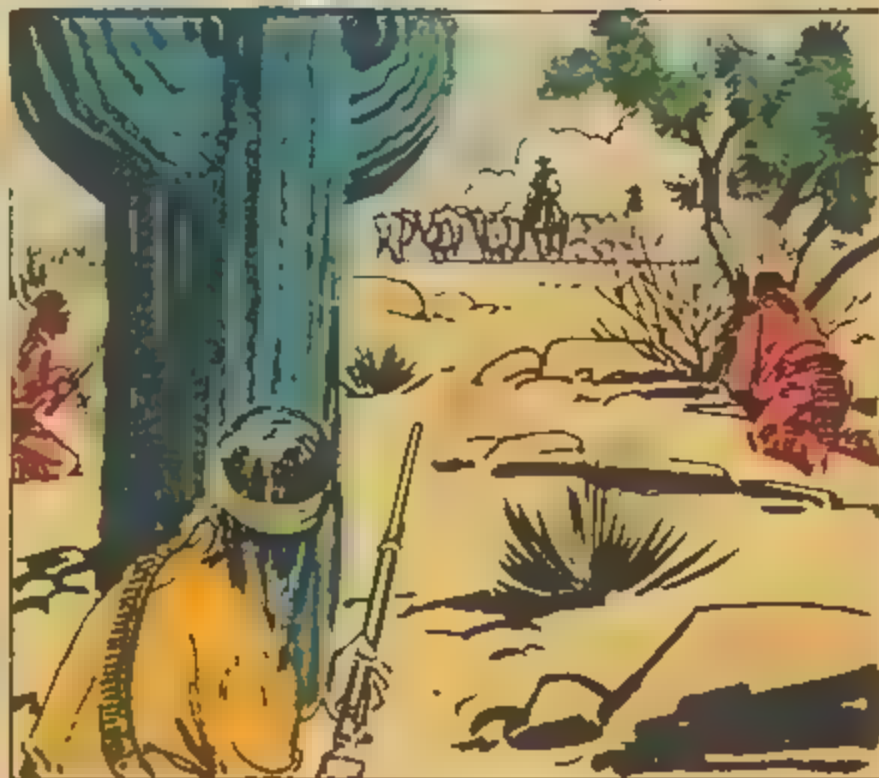
YIIIIPPP! MOVE,  
YOU CRITTERS!



BUT ALL THE 'ROCKS' ARE NOT WHAT  
THEY SEEM...



AND NO SIGN OF LIFE IS VISIBLE, UNTIL...





**SUDDENLY, THE COUNTRYSIDE  
SPRINGS TO LIFE WITH APACHES...**



**TED! TAKE A FEW BOYS AND  
STOP THOSE CATTLE! WE'LL DO  
THE FIGHTING FROM HERE!**



**THE APACHES FIGHT FURIOUSLY...**

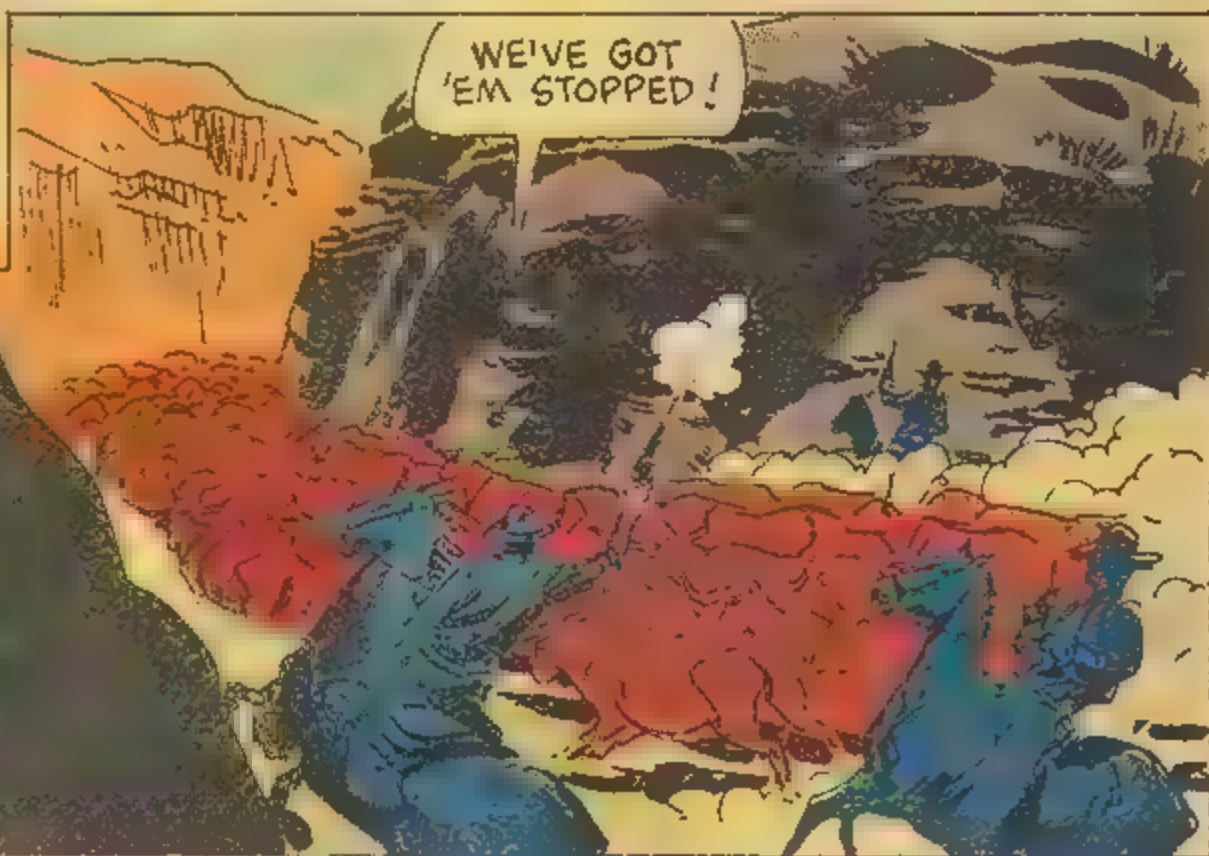




BUT THE TRAIL HERDERS FIGHT BACK COURAGEOUSLY...



WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES,  
TED AND A FEW OTHER  
WRANGLERS TURN THE  
STAMPEDING HERD INTO  
A NATURAL ROCK  
CANYON...



MOVE IN! WE WILL KILL  
THEM ALL! THEN THE  
CATTLE WILL BE OURS!

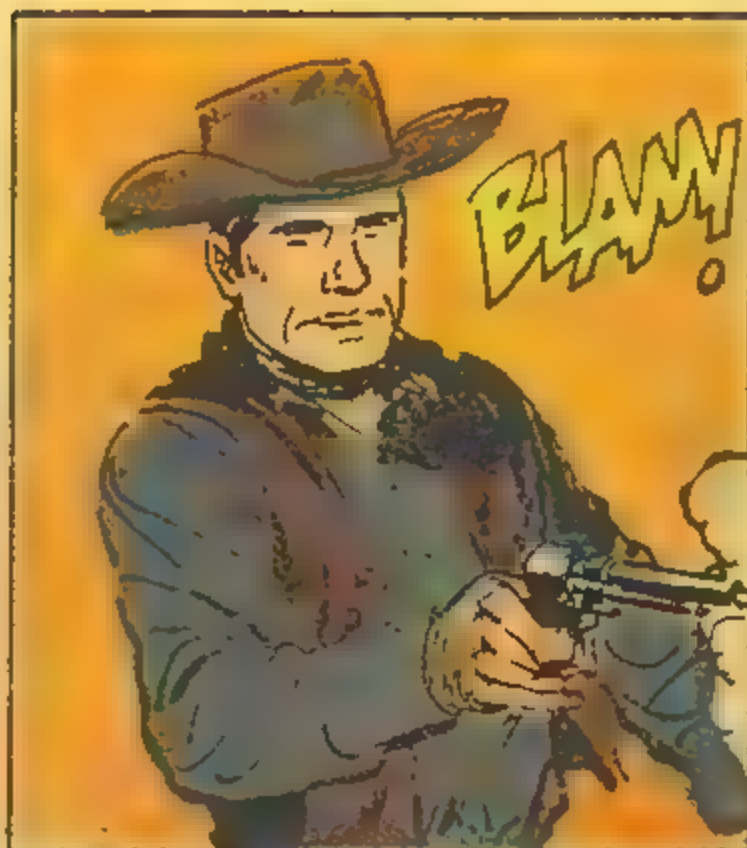
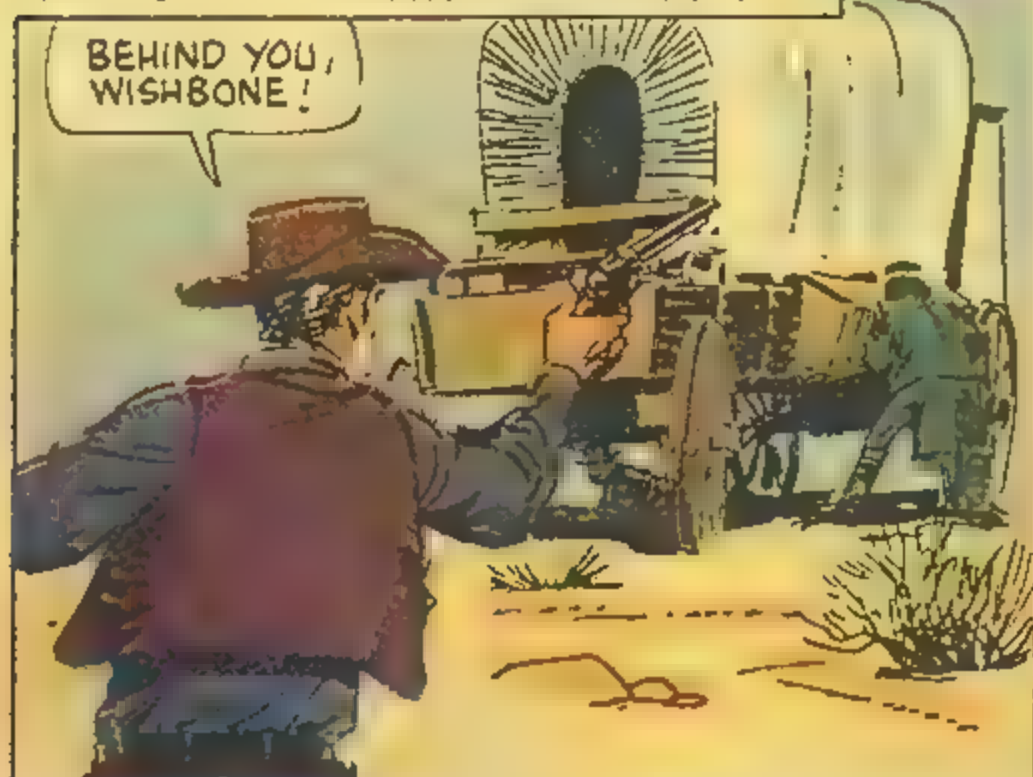


ONE OF THE RENEGADE APACHES SNEAKS UP  
BEHIND WISHBONE...





BUT GIL SPOTS HIM JUST IN TIME...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER,  
THE APACHE BRAVES DECIDE  
THEY HAVE HAD ENOUGH...

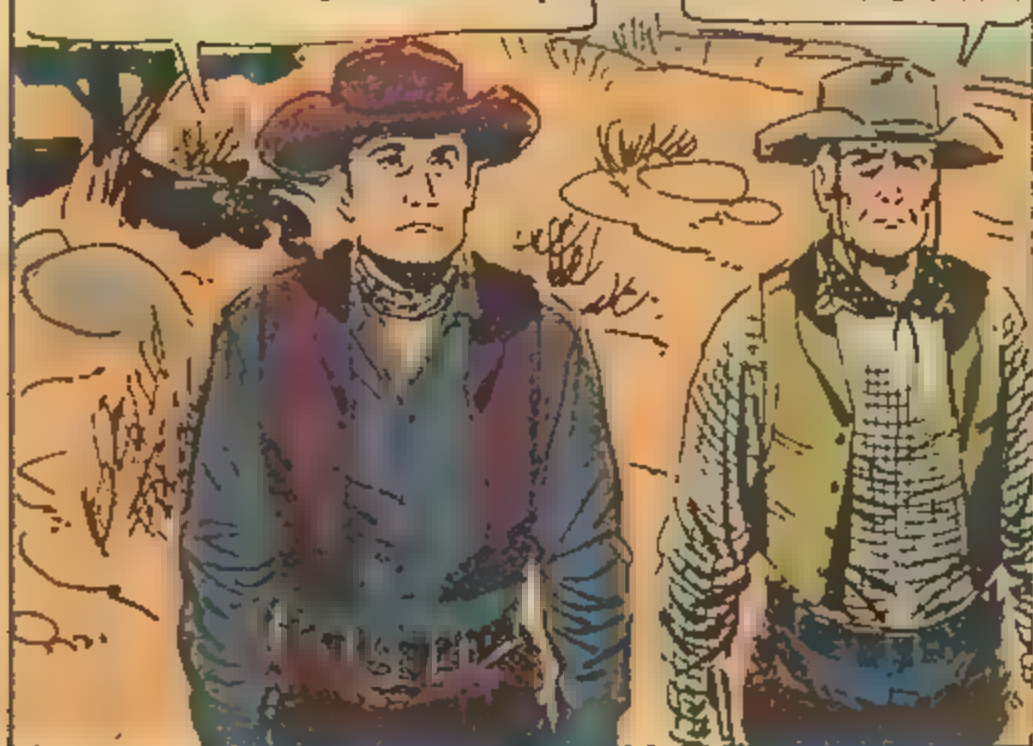
RECKON THEY BIT OFF MORE  
THAN THEY COULD CHEW, MR.  
FAVOR!

FOR NOW, AT  
LEAST!

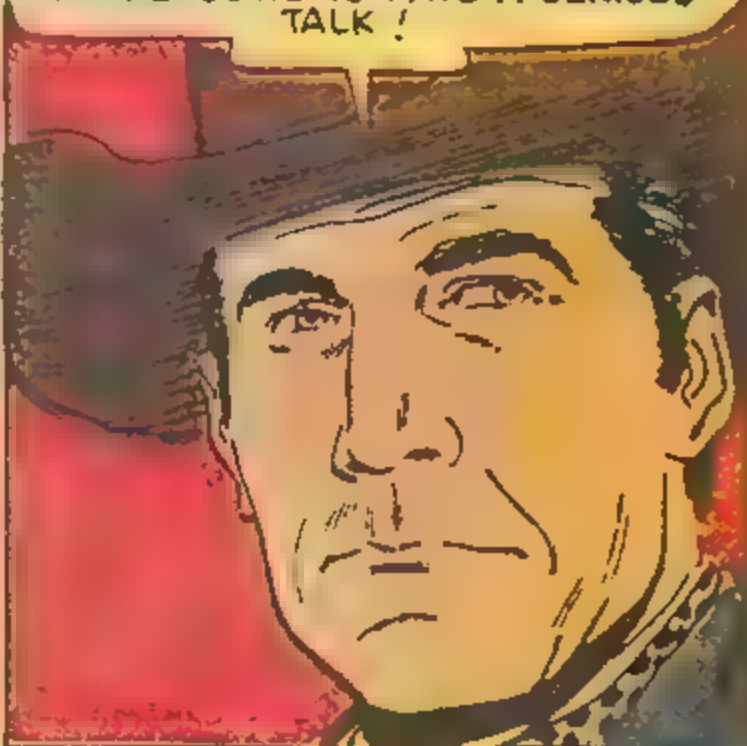


BUT THEY JUST MIGHT TRY IT  
AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO STOP  
THEM BEFORE THEY DO!

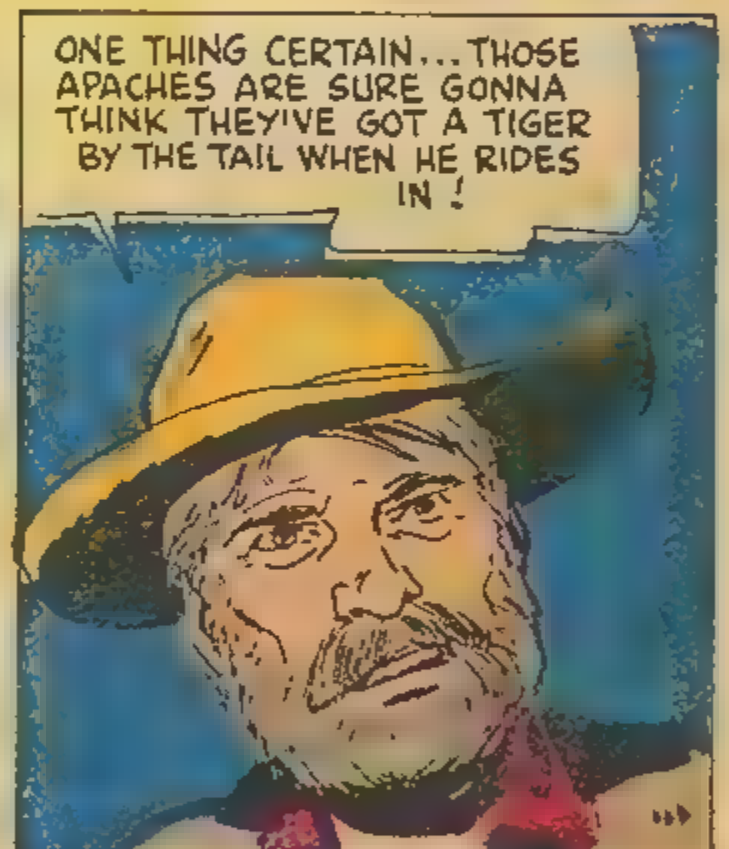
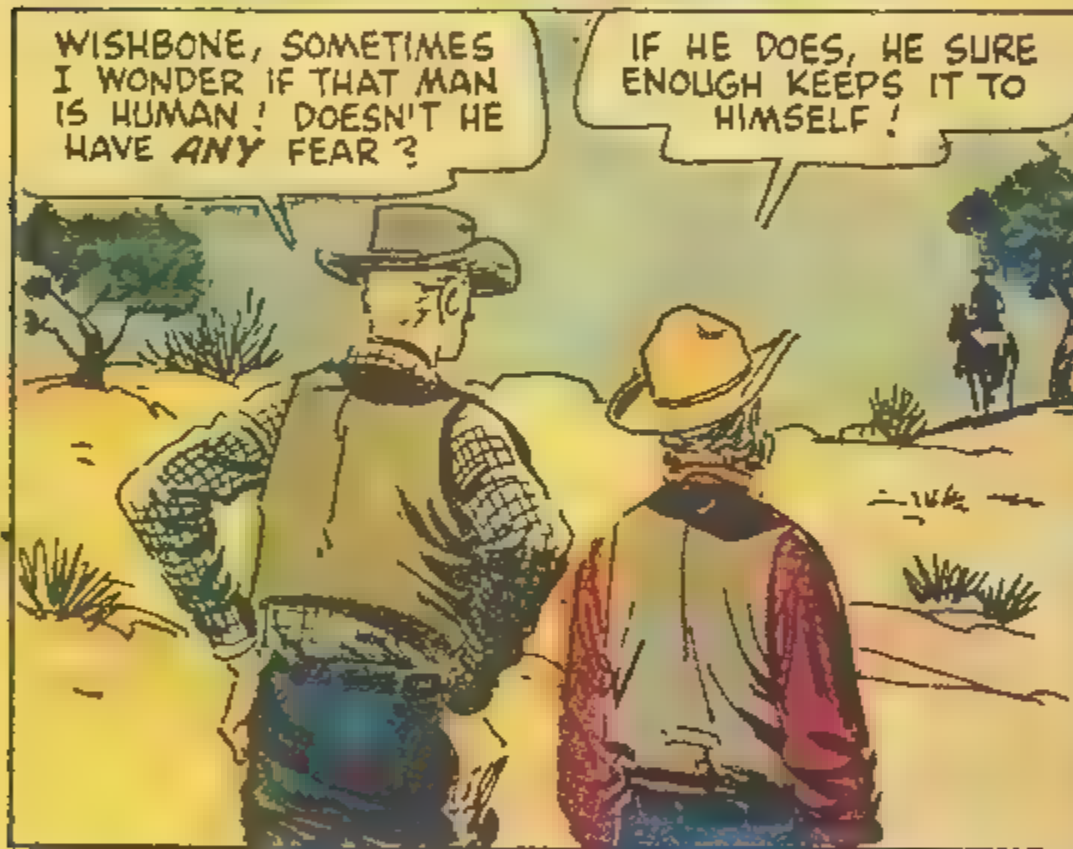
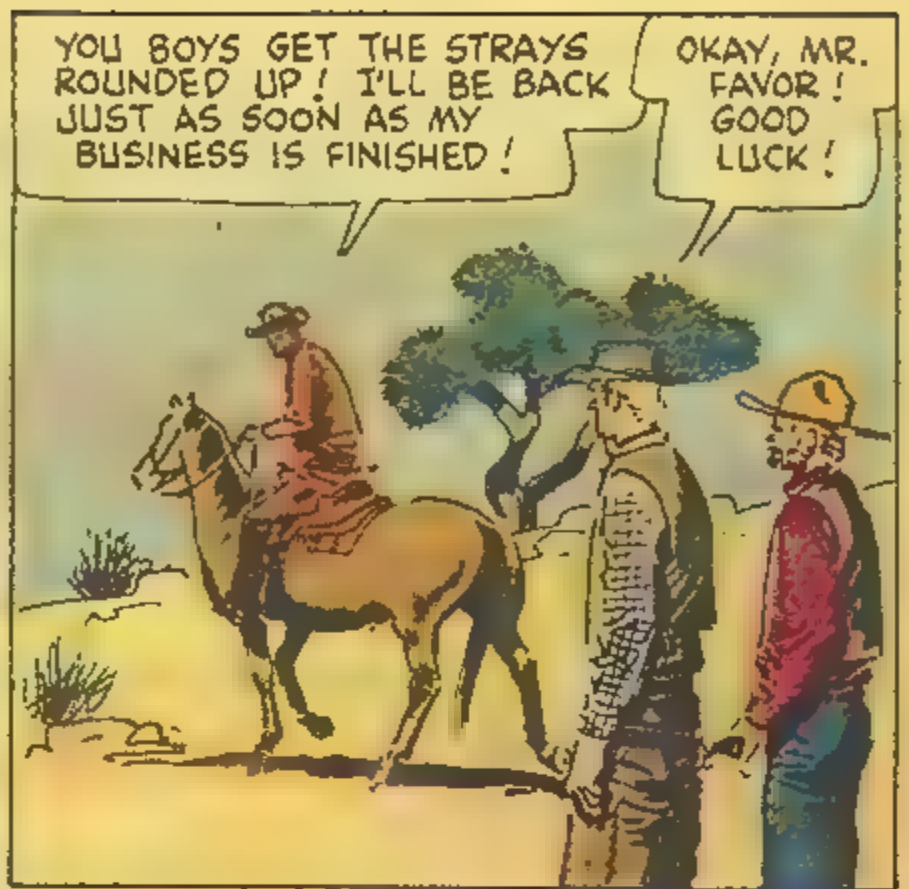
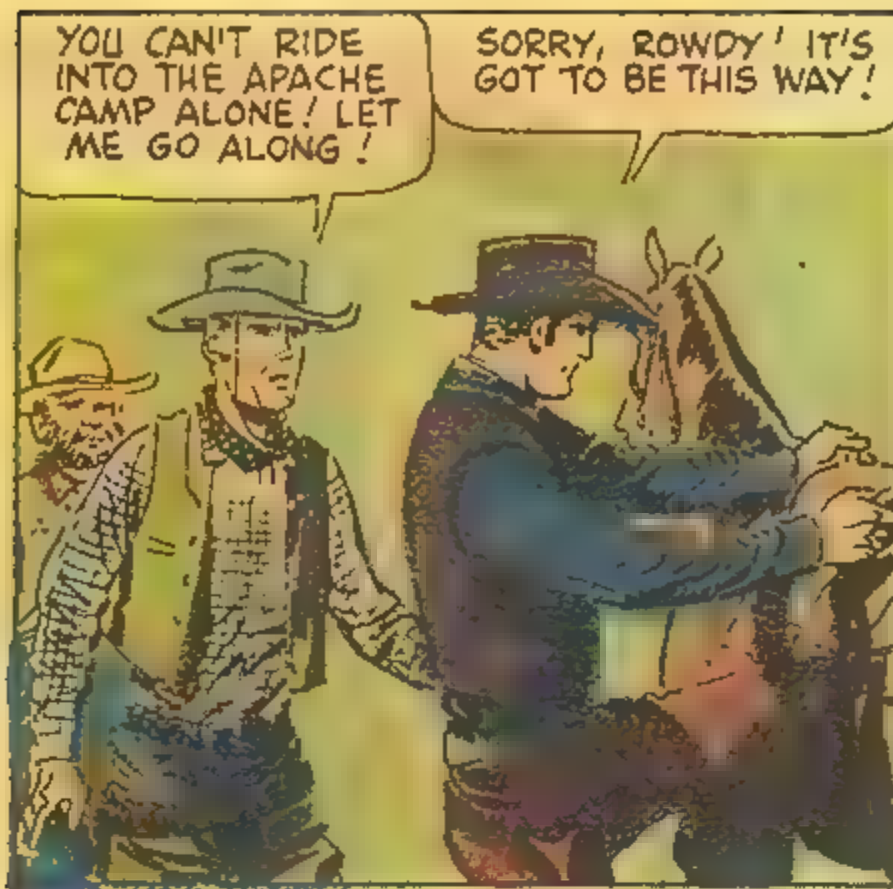
JUST HOW DO  
YOU FIGURE  
ON DOING THAT?



BY STICKING A PIN IN THE APACHE  
BALLOON OF HONOR! THE CHIEF AND  
I ARE GOING TO HAVE A SERIOUS  
TALK!









GIL DOES NOT RESIST AS STRONG HANDS  
DRAG HIM FROM HIS HORSE...



THE TALL ONE  
WILL DIE FOR  
HIS LIES AND  
TREACHERY!

I DO NOT LIE, CHIEF!  
THE APACHE HONOR IS  
**BLACK** LIKE THE VULTURE  
THAT FLIES IN THE SKY!

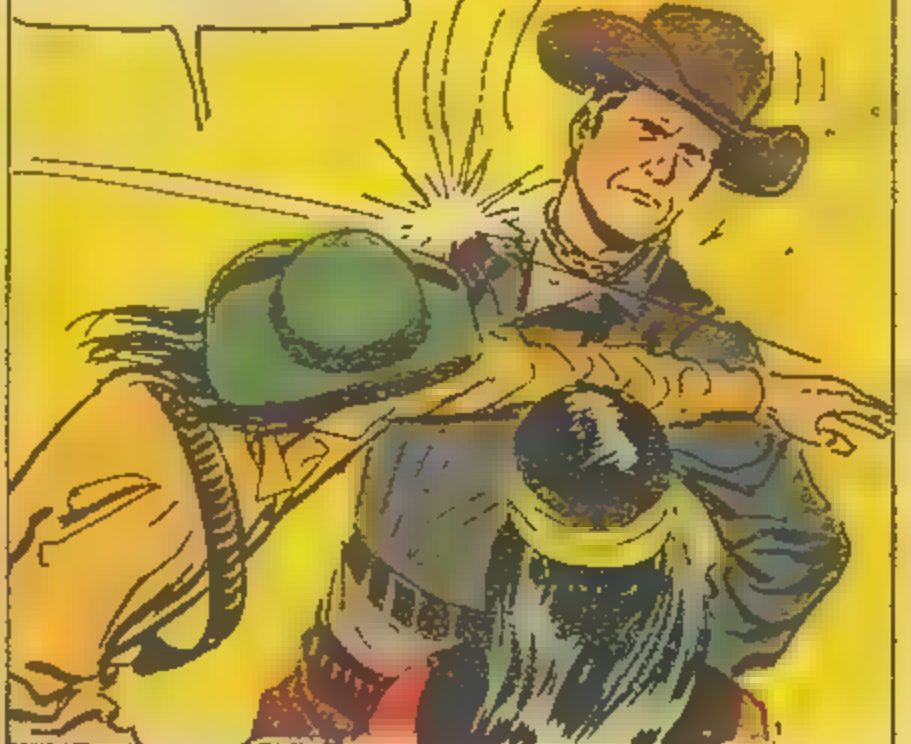


THE HONOR OF TAWEH  
IS **PURE**! GAREMA  
HAS TOLD ME OF YOUR  
ATTACK ON HIS  
HUNTING PARTY!

IF GAREMA SAYS  
THAT, **HE LIES**!  
HIS HUNTING PARTY  
WAS HUNTING **SCALPS**  
AND **CATTLE**!

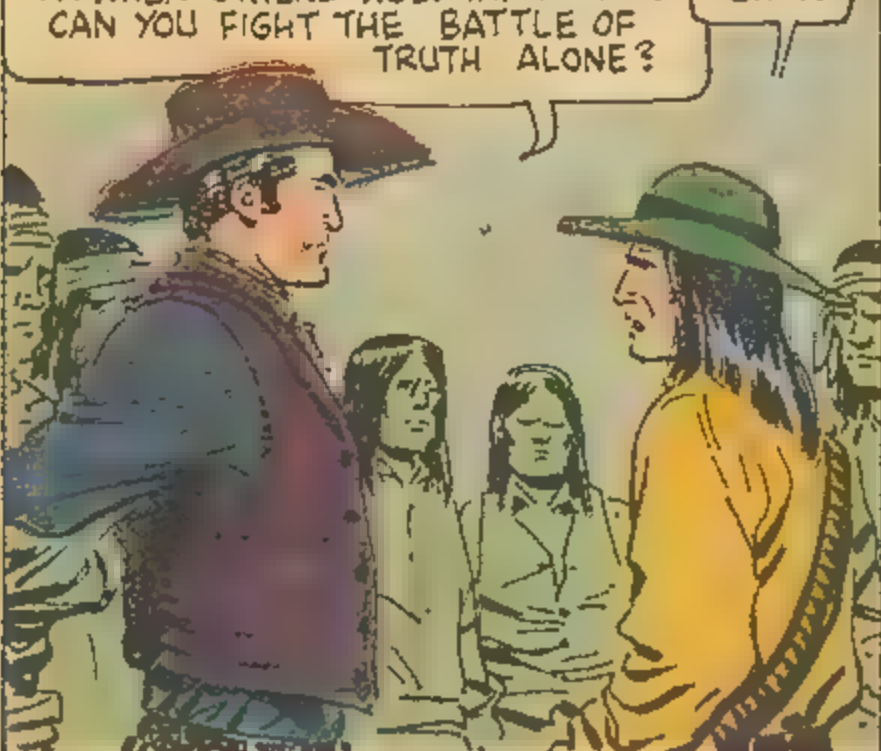


HE SPEAKS WITH A  
FORKED TONGUE!



YOU ARE VERY BRAVE, GAREMA  
... WHEN OTHERS HOLD MY ARMS!  
CAN YOU FIGHT THE BATTLE OF  
TRUTH ALONE?

I ...  
UH...

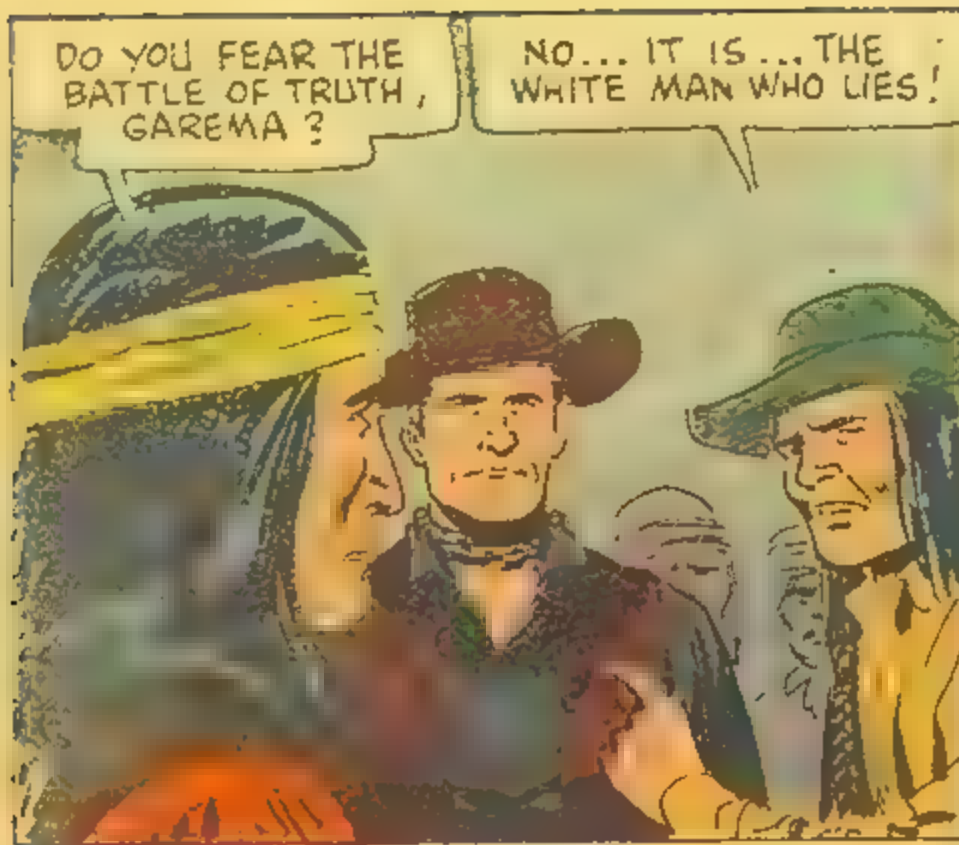


DOES NOT APACHE LAW SAY THAT TRUTH  
WILL EMERGE WITH THE VICTOR OF HAND-  
TO-HAND COMBAT?

RELEASE HIM!

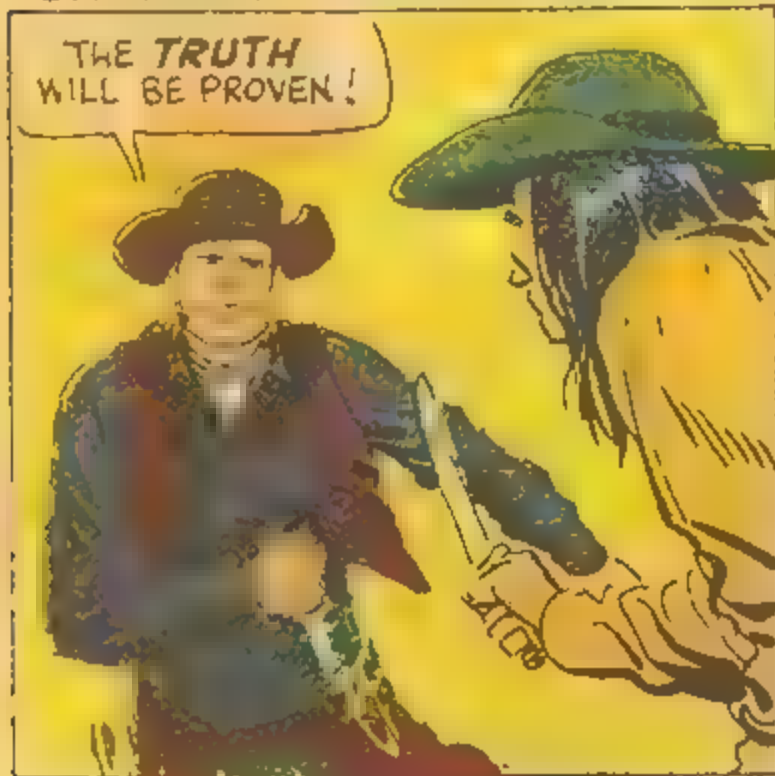






GIL QUICKLY DRAWS HIS OWN KNIFE...

THE TWO MEN CIRCLE EACH OTHER WARILY, EACH WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE...



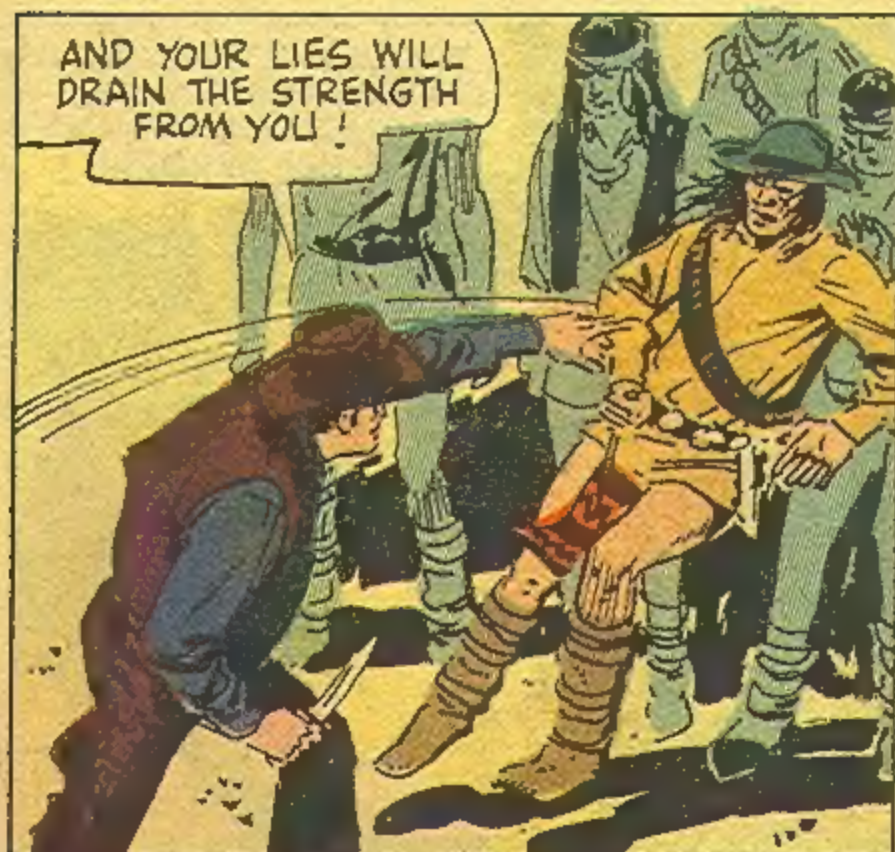
THEN THEY COME TOGETHER IN MORTAL HAND TO HAND COMBAT...

UGGGGH! YOU WILL DIE!

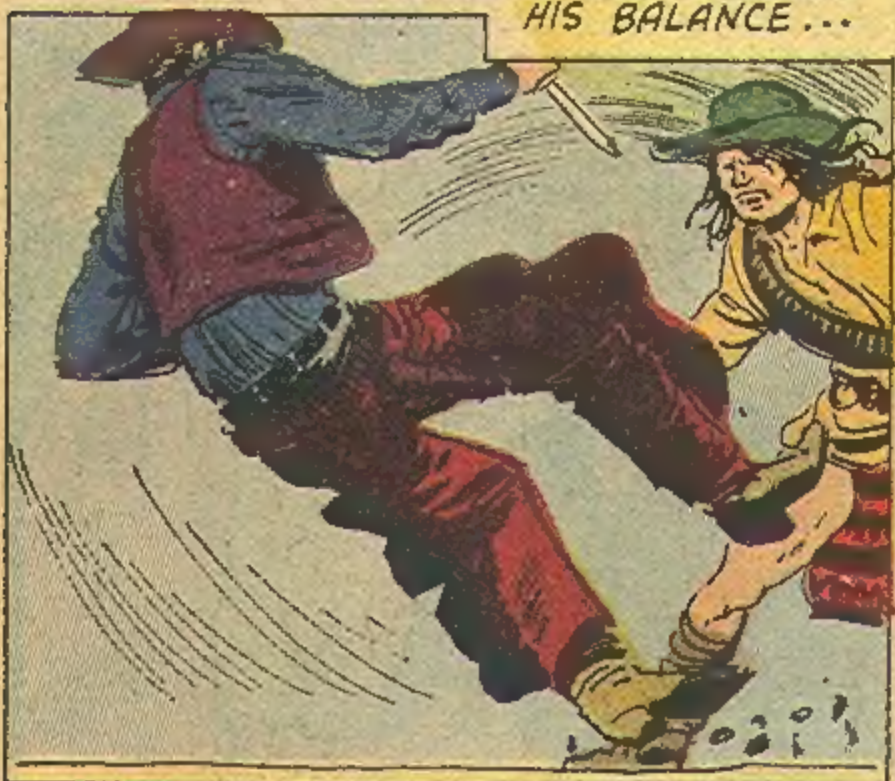
NO! THE TRUTH MAKES ME STRONG!







GIL'S FOOT HITS A ROCK AND HE LOSES HIS BALANCE...



THE APACHE STRIKES QUICKLY...



BUT GIL TWISTS AWAY FROM THE DEADLY ARC OF THE KNIFE...

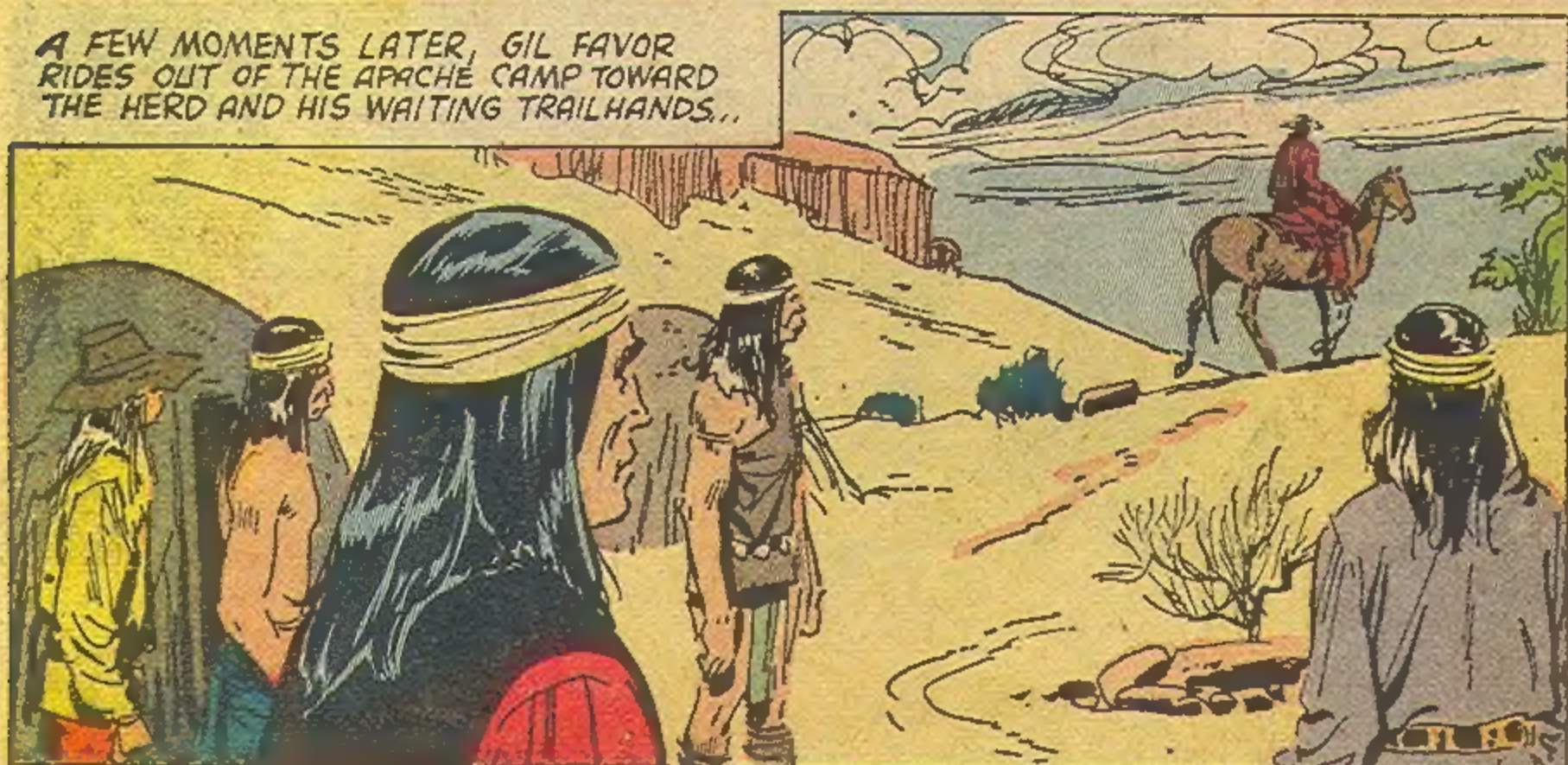




AND, USING ALL HIS STRENGTH, GIL PINS THE APACHE...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, GIL FAVOR RIDES OUT OF THE APACHE CAMP TOWARD THE HERD AND HIS WAITING TRAILHANDS...





# RAWHIDE

# READING BRANDS



The practice of branding cattle came from ancient Egypt but began in America in Mexico, where Hernando Cortez started a ranch. He branded his cattle with three crosses. From there it spread to Texas and across the West. Each rancher designed his own brand mark. Sometimes it was his initials, which caused trouble if two ranchers had the same initials. To prevent such duplications brands were registered. Each was designed to make it difficult for rustlers

to alter the brand. It has been said that the Four Sixes brand, shown below, was among the most difficult to change. It is easy, however to see how a Circle C could be changed to a Circle O. For the fun of reading brands, see how many of the following brands you can read without looking at the answers at the bottom of the page. Brands read from top to bottom, left to right, or outside in, or they are just outlines of objects easy to identify. Make some brands of your own.

 1	 2	 3	 4	 5	 6
 7	 8	 9	 10	 11	 12
 13	 14	 15	 16	 17	 18
 19	 20	 21	 22	 23	 24

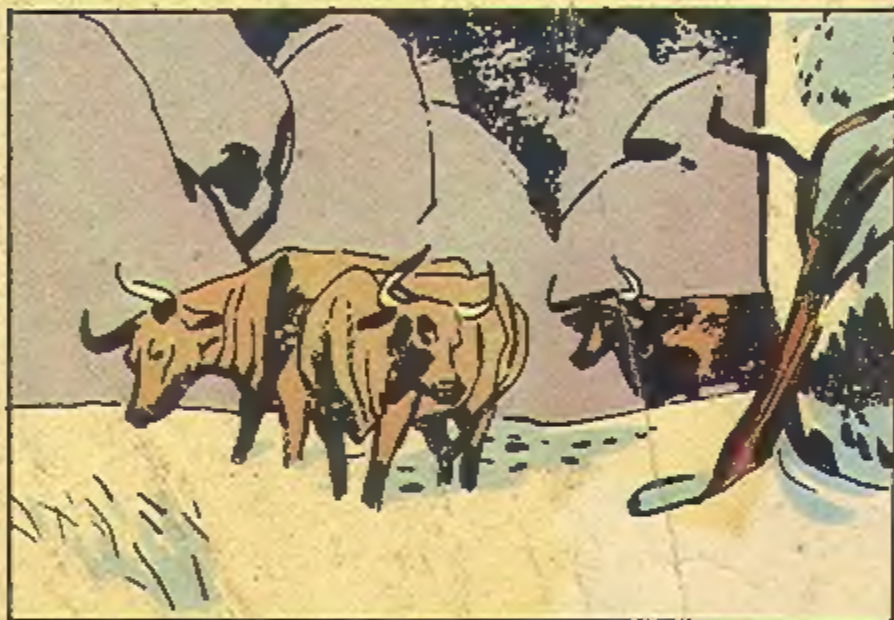
ANSWERS: 1. Barbeque 2. Double Bar 3. Four Sixes 4. Seven Up 5. Circle C 6. Lazy A 7. Tumbling T 8. Rocking Chair 9. Broken Arrow 10. Seesaw 11. Slash Five 12. Keyhole 13. Dinner Bell 14. T Bar X 15. Rocking A 16. Shooting Star 17. Bow and Arrow 18. Pitchfork 19. Quarter Moon 20. Frying Pan 21. Tall T 22. Box R 23. Lone Star 24. Fish Hook



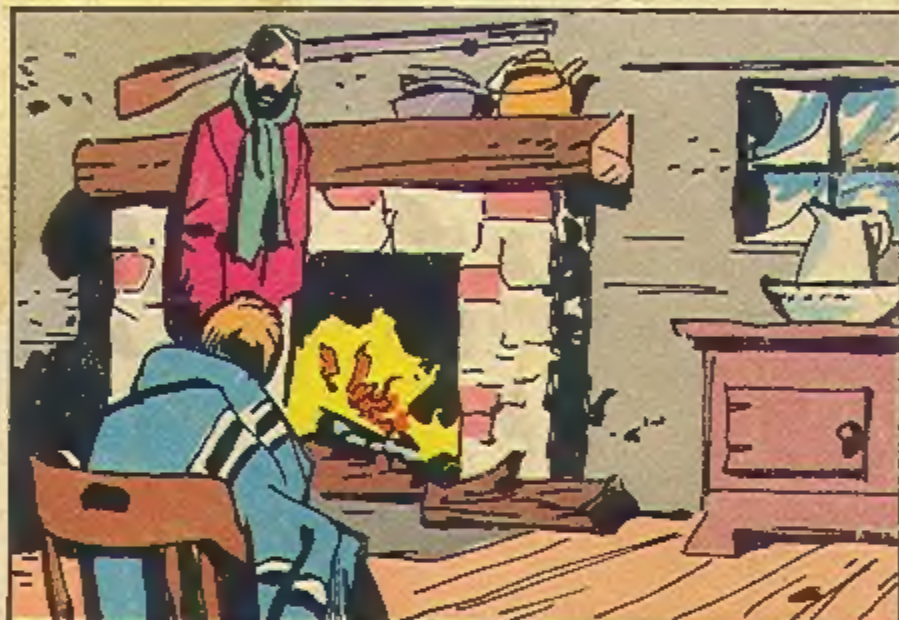
## RAWHIDE THE GREAT BLIZZARD



The fall of 1886 brought warm weather into Montana and Wyoming, and the trail herds from Texas arrived ready to be shipped to market. The cattlemen seemed to have no fear of bad weather. However, the wise Indians eyed the Arctic owls that had come to the ranges, and they recalled another year of bitter coldness when the strange white birds had paid them a visit. The Indians were wary.



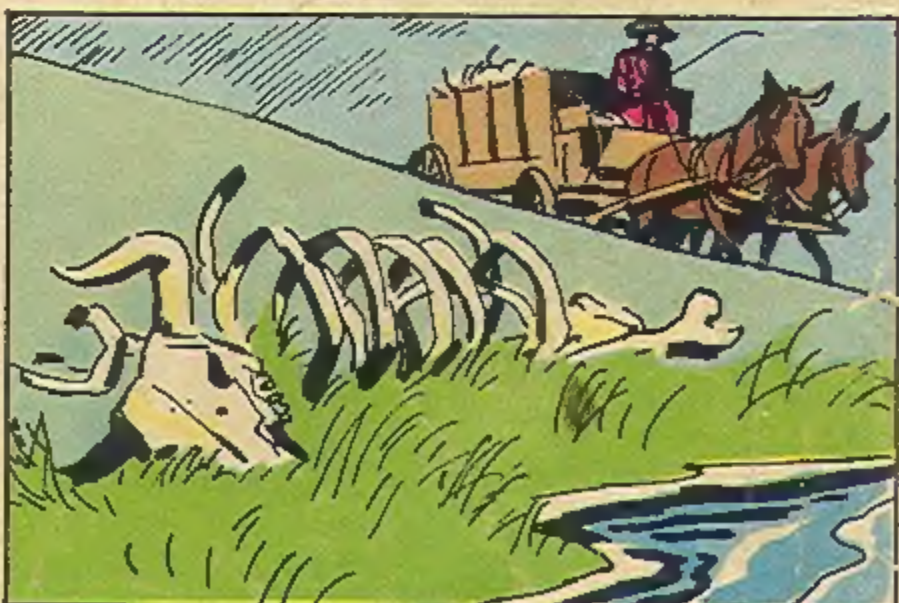
In early November, sub-zero weather hit the area, leaving six inches of snow. It caused some damage to the Texas cattle, but the hardy local stock survived the cold as they were used to the wintry blasts of wind.



Then, on January 9th, a second storm hit, leaving an inch of snow an hour for several days. It did not end until January 15, and there was not much left on the horizon that was not covered in a blanket of white.



But the worst had not come. On January 28, the "Great Blizzard" struck. For three days the white storm howled... harder than the others, covering every house and filling every gully. This time, whole families perished in their cabins. All seemed lost.



When the spring thaws came, many ranchers gave up and moved away. It is said that only "men with bark on" dared to stay and start over. The pickers who came to gather the bones for fertilizer were the only ones to profit from the terrible winter of 1886.